

**ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,  
AND  
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**SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,**

**DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN  
VESSELS.**

(Continued, from our last number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

“THE next action was between the Frolic brig and American ship Wasp; and took place on the 18th of October, 1812. Of all the actions between us and the Americans, this, in weight of

metal, has been the most equal. The Wasp (now the Peacock in our service) is certainly a much finer ship than any sloop of war we have, and has her bulwarks nearly as thick as a frigate's. But the evening previous to the action, the Frolic 'carried away her main yard, lost her top sails, and sprung her main top mast:' consequently was quite in a disabled state. Then, as to men, the substance, sinews, arms, and strength of war, she was miserably defective. Her station had been Jamaica, which place she left (with a crew partly consisting of invalids, from the naval hospital) in June preceding, bound to Honduras, and thence with convoy home. It is stated that captain Whinyates, her commander, was not apprised of the war even when he met the Wasp; but for this I cannot vouch. The Wasp, the Americans will not now deny, had for a crew one hundred and sixty-five of the best men captain Jones could procure, and had only left the Delaware a fortnight previous to the action. She was therefore fully prepared to meet an enemy's vessel, every way her equal,—much more one ignorant, perhaps, of the war, disabled in her spars and rigging, with a crew at least twenty-five short of her complement, (one hundred and twenty-one) and part of them just recovering from that dreadful West India malady, the yellow fever. Captain Whinyates speaks decidedly of the unmanageable state of the Frolic in the action, owing to the loss of her mainyard, and of the power it gave the enemy to rake him repeatedly. Here is a comparative view of the force of the two vessels.

FROLIC (*brig.*)WASP (*ship.*)

Rating 18 guns, mounting the same, besides perhaps a single boat gun.

Rating 16, mounting 18 guns.

Broadside, 8 32lb. carronades	256lbs.	Broadside, 8 32lb. carronades	256lbs.
1 6lb. long gun	6	1 9lb. long gun	9
	—		—
	262		265

Men and boys, 95.

Men,\* all picked, 165.

Measurement, about 380 tons.

Measurement, about 480 tons.

*Superiority on the American side.*

In weight of metal, say nothing.

In number of men, nearly as nine to five.

In size of vessel, nearly as four to three.

\* The few on board an American ship of war, that are designated as *boys*, are as old and as stout as most men employed in our service. Our boys, besides being so numerous, are often so young as to be fitter for the nursery than the quarter *bills* of a ship of war.

"The British official account of this action omits stating the number of killed and wounded on either side: only mentioning that not *twenty* of the Frolic's men remained unhurt. The American account says the brig had seventy-five killed and wounded, and that only *three* were standing on the deck when they boarded. It is not attempted to be insinuated that any of our men had left their quarters that were not disabled; therefore with the exception of the eight or ten in the tops, and a few sick in their hammocks below, none of the survivors could have went off the deck. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted only to ten; far too great a disproportion.

"I have now the painful task of presenting an enemy's character to view in no very favourable light. The Frolic, for want of after sails, fell on board her opponent, soon after the action commenced, with her bowsprit 'betwixt the Wasp's main and mizen rigging,' and so continued until the conflict ended, 'unable to bring a single gun to bear.' What enemy but an Algerine, or an American, seeing the helpless state of his brave adversary, would not have ceased firing, and rushed on board to end at once the slaughter and the combat? No; two motives prevented this:—one, the expected gratification of seeing the British haul down their own flag: the other (doubtless by far the most powerful one) their dread of venturing sword in hand upon the Frolic's deck. One of the Wasp's men, it seems, made a show of boarding. 'Not yet,' says captain Jones, 'another broadside first.' Poured into her it was, and repeated again and again; nor did they dare to board this poor wreck at last, till the captain and his friend Biddle, (now commander of the Hornet) peeping over the gunwale, saw with surprise but 'three men standing on the Frolic's deck!' Then they *did* board in 'gallant style,' and stepping over dead, dying and wounded, (with which the deck was covered) received the sword of the British commander. He who needs confirmation of this, may find it in the American newspapers detailing the action.

"There are many instances where ships of ours have captured very superior enemy's vessels, after the latter had been disabled in their spars and rigging. Often have our 18 gun brigs attacked, singly, enemy's frigates of the largest class, when similarly cir-

cumstanced. And was it not the little *Terpsichore* 32 that some years ago played round, and fired into, repeatedly, that immense three decker, the *Santissima Trinada*, after she had been dismasted in earl St. Vincent's action? Let the Americans then take the credit of one victory, obtained, after a long action, over a British vessel of the same force in guns, but in a crippled state, and with a crew, feeble as it was, of little more than half the number opposed to them.

"The next battle was another frigate one, fought on the 25th of the same October, between the *Macedonian* and the *United States*. Our ship, in this instance, had even a greater force to contend against than the *Guerriere* had, for the *United States*, like the *President*, carries forty-two pounders on her upper deck. The *Constitution*, the Americans say, is a stronger and finer ship than either; yet, according to the official letters of both captain Dacres and lieutenant Chads, carries caronades ten pounds lighter; whether of French or English caliber is not mentioned, but believed to be the former.

"Captain Decatur states the number of the *Macedonian*'s guns to have been forty-nine, including of course boat guns of every description, and that her crew consisted of three hundred men, which was her full complement. Captain Carden is totally silent on this subject, but gives the force in guns, of his formidable opponent, precisely as it appears in the American statements, published long after the action. He makes the crew four hundred and seventy-eight 'picked men.' On this point nothing has been said by the Americans, either in confirmation or denial; therefore we may presume captain Carden was correctly informed. For weight of metal of the *Macedonian*, (exclusive of the two brass twelve pounders, since retaken on board the *Argus* brig) I must refer to the regular establishment for vessels of class. As to the number of men and boys with which she went into action, I am compelled to refer to captain Decatur's letter, although rather ambiguously worded, as to whether three hundred men meant the complement allowed her, or the actual number she then had on board. The following will be found a tolerable estimate of the force engaged in this action.

## MACEDONIAN.

Rating 38, mounting 49 guns.  
 Main deck, 14 18lb. long guns  
 Quarter deck, 1 12lb. ditto  
 Fore castle, 1 9lb. ditto.  
 8 32lb. caronades  
 1 18lb. ditto, shifting gun

## UNITED STATES.

Rating 44, mounting 55 guns.	
Lower deck, 15 24lb. long guns	360
Upper ditto. 1 ditto ditto	24
11 42lb. caronades	462
1 18lb. shifting gun	18
<hr/> 547	<hr/> 864

Men and boys, at full complement,  
 300.  
 Measurement, under 1100 tons.

With howitzers in her tops.  
 Men, "all picked" 478.  
 Measurement, full 1630 tons.

*Superiority on the American side.*

In weight of metal,  
 In number of men,  
 In size of vessel,

{ full as three to two.

"The relative execution done in this frigate action was still more disproportionate than the former one, standing thus.—British killed and wounded, 104; American ditto. 12. For this we can account, in some degree, exclusive of the disparity of force, by the novel manner in which the action was fought. Our ship had the weather guage: but captain Carden, not knowing perhaps that the weight of metal of his cautious adversary was superior to his own, kept at *long balls*, till all his top masts were shot away, and his ship become an unmanageable wreck, while the United States, lying beyond the range of the Macedonian's shot, received little or no injury. Crippled as the Macedonian was, and having so wide an extent of ocean to pass over, is it not surprising that she should have reached an American port? There she is however, snug and secure, although the little town of New London ought long ago to have been burnt to the ground, if nothing less would have restored to us (out of three that have been captured) the only British frigate in the hands of the Americans."

*Remarks on the Synopsis of Naval Actions, between the American and British ships of war, lately published in the British Naval Chronicle. (Continued from our last number.)*

WHOEVER is tolerably conversant with English literature, must well recollect how often the writers of that country have made themselves merry with the credulity of the people, who,

however, by the way, seem to believe all on one side, and are quite paralitic of belief on the other. Any thing strange, unnatural, or monstrous, is pretty sure to obtain full credit among them, whether it be the supernatural abstinence of Ann Moore, the existence of the lady with the pig's face, the immaculate conception of Joanna Southcote, or the enormous size of an American frigate. But their astonishing credulity on one hand is singularly contrasted with their scepticism on the other; for while they give full and entire credit to the relations of victories that they never gained, with a most preposterous inconsistency they refuse their assent to defeats that are notorious to all the world. It is therefore little to be wondered at that such a people should believe in that magazine of wonders, the British Naval Chronicle, and, by a natural consequence of this peculiar feature of character, disbelieve in the claims of America to a naval superiority. The doubts, as well as the credulity of ignorance, are without limits, and it is not uncommon to see men, who believe in the wildest creations of fancy, refusing their assent to the most irrefragable evidences of sense. It would seem, indeed, to be a natural consequence, that a man, who gives all his faith to impossibilities, should have none left for the natural effects of known and received causes.

The ministerial writers of England, whose business it is to keep John Bull in a good humour, by patting him on the back, and persuading him that he is altogether invincible by sea and land, have taken advantage of this peculiar instinct of the good man, who, like an oyster, opens his mouth, and swallows every thing that comes in with the flood tide, but obstinately shuts it when it is ebb with him. Knowing that he will believe any thing to his own advantage, they every day invent pretty stories for his gratification, and whenever the tax-gatherer knocks at his door, which is almost every day in the year, he is sure to bring an account of some great victory, either in the west, or the east, or somewhere or other.

But these dextrous jugglers in literature were never so hard put to it, for victories to tickle the good squire, as during the late contest with this country, and indeed were at length obliged to resort to the inglorious task of accounting for defeats, rather than boasting of triumphs. Not being able to persuade, even him, that his ships have not been beaten, they have exercised all their ingenuity in proving how it was utterly impossible that they should not have been beaten. This, to be sure, is but a sorry consolation, and it is almost a pity to attempt undecieving him. Had his claims been urged with a becoming modesty, and not been mingled with sneers and abuse of his gallant enemy, they might perhaps have passed. Had his apologists, in fact, contented themselves with extenuating alone, and “set down nought in malice,” John might have remained in the full enjoyment of his delusion. He might have continued to sing “Rule Britannia” till his dying day, and enjoyed the full fruition of his belief in this, as in the story of Ann Moore, Joanna Southcote, and the lady with the pig’s face. The war being over, and the two nations friends, we would never have thought of reviving this question while the peace continued. We have no enmity to England except what arises from her enmity to us. Hitherto the wars waged against that nation by the writers of this country have been *defensive* wars, and were they to let us alone we should never think of attacking them. But the people of the United States of America are not Hindoos, or Portuguese, or Italians, to be trod under foot or calumniated with impunity. That time is past: *the worm has turned*—and now, as we will be at all times ready to return courtesy for courtesy, so will we be equally ready to return contempt for contempt, scorn for scorn, obloquy for obloquy.. It is but a sorry business, after all, for two nations to be abusing each other at a distance of three thousand miles; like two of Homer’s heroes, with the Scamander between them. But we desire our countrymen to remember who cast the first stone, and to remember also that hitherto acquiescence in misrepresentation, has

only called new vials of wrath from the British press upon our heads. All things must have a beginning, and perhaps the time may come when the insignificant example we have set will call forth the exertions of others, more qualified for this contest. The history of England, even as written by her own writers—the conduct of her government, as displayed by her most illustrious orators in parliament, furnishes us with ample means of turning the abuse of her writers back upon herself. The laborious industry of her statistical, the complaints and statements of her religious and moral writers, have let us into all the secrets of the interior and exterior, the moral and political state of England, and where she is obliged to resort for materials against us, to writers without credit or authority, we can gather those to be employed against her from the most unquestionable sources. The progress of this system of abuse of our national character, our manners and our government, will assuredly provoke reprisal, and the time will perhaps come when the character, manners and government of England will be laid open to the world, at different times, in a way that will not redound to her credit. It may, therefore, be worth while for these people to consider, which is likely to suffer most in the end, and whether the superior knowledge we possess of them may not give us many advantages in the contest, inasmuch as the more we know of some people the less they are thought of; and whether, finally, the weapons which this superior knowledge furnishes us with, may not make ample amends for the want of equal dexterity in their management. With these observations we will now proceed with the "Synopsis," which naturally gave rise to them.

The next action in the black list of the "British naval officer on the American station" is that of the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, which the writer himself admits was, "of all the actions between us and the Americans, in weight of metal the most equal." After this candid acknowledgment he proceeds however to account, as usual, for the extraordinary result of this affair, by a train of petty excuses, and half-sided misrepresen-

tations, which we are compelled to notice. The facts we shall adduce, are furnished upon authority at least fully equal to those of our antagonist. *He* has not told us whence he derived them; but we are not afraid to say we derived ours from officers, whose gallantry in these actions is ample security that *they*, at least, would not stoop to misrepresentation. The word of the victor is of greater weight than that of the vanquished, because he has not equal motives to tell a falsehood. It will be found, by all experience, that the thing that is beaten is always the most noisy, garrulous, and full of excuses. If it be a dog, he always barks the loudest, if a cock, he always cackles most vociferously, and if it be honest John Bull that gets worsted, he will always have the most to say in favour of his own prowess, as well as against that of his successful antagonist.

Thus the “officer on the American station.”—He sums up the balance of his account current as follows, to wit:—that the superiority on the American side was in the number of men as nine to five, and, “in weight of metal—say nothing;” and certainly the less he says about that the better. We state it as a fact, derived from the authority above alluded to, that the Frolic carried twenty 32lb. carronades on her main deck, and two large howitzers on her top gallant forecastle. The Wasp carried eighteen 32lb. carronades on the main deck, and had no top gallant forecastle. Now were we as deep in Thomas Dilworth as the naval officer, we would calculate the difference in weight of metal; but in truth it is quite unnecessary, and we will go on to expose other misrepresentations. The officer states the crew of the Frolic at ninety-five men and boys, that of the Wasp at one hundred and sixty-five, all “men in buckram,” as usual—all “picked men.” But there was something worse than all this. The crew of the Frolic were, a great part of them, invalids, just come out of the yellow fever, and “it is stated,” says the officer, prudently however, without giving his authority, “that

captain Whinyates was not apprised of the war even when he met the Wasp."

The purser of the Frolic informed lieutenant Biddle, first of the Wasp, that the crew, at the commencement of the action, consisted of one hundred and nineteen men, and we are fully authorised to state, that in none of the conversations which took place after the capture, with the officers of the Frolic, did there occur the least hint or complaint that her crew were, or had been, recently sickly. To our officers the survivors appeared as well looking as the generality of sailors in British men of war, which, to be sure, is not saying much in their favour. The war was declared against England the 18th of June, and on the 18th of October, four entire months afterwards, captain Whinyates, "it is said," did not know of the war! Where had he been? Only in the West Indies, gentle reader, where news gets from the United States in eight or ten days. And yet poor captain Whinyates was ignorant of the war, and like his fellow ignoramus, captain Dacres, was "carelessly" sailing about singing "Rule Britannia," we suppose, and not even so much as dreaming of being stung by such an overgrown Wasp. "Prodigious! prodigious!" as Dominic Sampson says.

But there is still another and another excuse forthcoming, as if the weakness of each could be sustained by the weakness of all together. It seems that the "American boys" are as old and as stout as most men employed in the British service. "Our boys," continues the officer, "besides being so numerous, are often so young as to be fitter for the nursery than the quarter bills of a ship of war." Here this really silly apologist discloses another cause of the superiority which we contend for:—their ships, he says, are pestered with little boys, only fit for the nursery; whereas the American boys are a match for the British men on board their ships of war. If there is such a difference in the *boys*, what must there be between the *men* of the two nations? and what inhumanity in thus carrying little children, "fit for the nursery" only, into scenes of bloodshed and carnage!

The last inaccuracy in the basis of this writer's account current is, in stating the number of men on board the Wasp at one hundred and sixty-five, when in reality her crew consisted of only one hundred and ten, of whom a number were boys, smaller than those of the Frolic, but still not exactly fit for any nursery but that of seamen. In stating the comparative loss on either side, the unfortunate officer is again forced into the acknowledgment, that, notwithstanding the disparity of ships and men, as stated by himself, "it was far too great a disproportion." Again we ask, to what could this disproportion be owing but to a superiority in skill, activity, energy, in every thing in fact that constitutes the superiority of one man over another?

"I have now the painful task of presenting the character of an enemy in no very favourable light," continues the writer of the Synopsis. He then proceeds with a statement, which, as it furnishes a brilliant specimen of the usual style in which the character of our nation and its officers is treated in the British publications of the day, we will quote at length, for fear the reader should not sufficiently recollect it. "The Frolic, for want of after sails, fell on board her opponent soon after the action commenced, with her bowsprit betwixt the Wasp's main and mizen rigging, and so continued until the conflict ended, unable to bring a single gun to bear. What enemy but an Algerine, or an American, seeing the helpless state of his brave adversary, would not have ceased firing, and rushed on board to end at once the slaughter and the combat? No; two motives prevented this:—one, the expected gratification of seeing the British haul down their own flag:—the other, (doubtless by far the most powerful one) their dread of venturing sword in hand upon the Frolic's deck. One of the Wasp's men, it seems, made a show of boarding. 'Not yet,' says captain Jones, 'another broadside first.' Poured into her it was, and repeated again and again; nor did they dare to board this poor wreck at last, till the captain and his friend Biddle, (now commander of the Hornet)

peeping over the gun-wale, saw with surprise but three men standing on the Frolic's deck. Then they *did* board in gallant style, and stepping over dead, and dying, and wounded, (with which the deck was covered) received the sword of the British commander."

There is something extremely pitiful in all this, and were it not that the colouring which is given to this detail might deceive those who are ignorant of the usages of war, we might leave it without further comment. The plain English of this rare specimen of rhetoric is, that the Frolic, it blowing a gale, fell on board the Wasp, in such a way as to give the latter vessel great advantages in firing into her, and that captain Jones preferred preserving this advantage to boarding at a disadvantage, which must have been the case in such a heavy sea. How was it possible for captain Jones to know that the crew of the Frolic had quitted their guns, and skulked between decks, labouring, as we all did at that time, under a mistaken idea of the prowess of British sailors? or how was he to know that resistance had finally ceased while the enemy's flag was still flying? Is not this the way that all nations, except the British, fight? Do they not calculate advantages, take advantage of any favourable position, and fire till they know their enemy is conquered? When captain Broke boarded the Chesapeake, several of the crew of that vessel were killed by firing down her gangway, after all resistance had ceased; yet no complaint on our part was made, because every one knows that in the heat of battle it is impossible to know the precise moment when the enemy is conquered. We never compared the British to the Algerines on that occasion, whether from regard to the feelings of the latter we will not pretend to say. The last reflection on the events of this action, even as detailed by the writer of the Synopsis, will convince every reader of judgment that he has here converted the ordinary incidents of almost every sea-fight into an accusation that has not the least foundation, even if the basis he has assumed be true. But we are authorized to state posi-

tively and unequivocally, that *only one single gun* was fired into the Frolic after she fell on board the Wasp. The Frolic was then taken possession of, all her surviving crew, to the number of near fifty, having run below, leaving the captain, the first lieutenant, and purser, alone on the deck. Captain Jones then received the sword of captain Whinyates, and no doubt did walk over the deck, which was "covered with dead, and dying, and wounded men," as is usual on such occasions. If, however, "the task of presenting the enemy's character in no favourable light" is so "painful" to this writer, why did he not sooth his feelings by detailing the high and courteous humanity of Lawrence in exposing even the lives of his own men to save the drowning crew of the Peacock;—the generosity of Bainbridge, acknowledged by lieutenant general Hyslop—and the conduct of Perry and Macdonough, in paroling, on their own authority, their wounded antagonists, treating them, as was acknowledged by captain Barclay, "like brothers?" Such a candid writer as this ought certainly to have remembered these things, and we can only account for his forgetfulness of notorious truths by the supposition, that he was so industriously employed, while engaged in this work, in the pursuits of imagination, that he forgot entirely to resort to his memory for his facts.

In looking back on the Synopsis we perceive that much stress is laid upon the loss of the Frolic's main yard, carried away the evening previous to the engagement in a gale. It may therefore be proper to state, that the Wasp lost her jib-boom, and was without it during the action, which was fought running right before the wind, the Wasp under close reefed topsails, and the Frolic under closed reefed fore topsail and reefed main sail. In four minutes after the action began, the main topmast of the Wasp was shot away within two feet of the cap, and from that time to the end of the affair she was more disabled in her spars than the Frolic. Neither ship got a position to rake until the end of the action, when, in consequence of the Frolic endeavouring to sheer from the Wasp to avoid so close an action, by hauling upon the wind, both

vessels were taken aback nearly at the same time, and the Frolic paying off first fell aboard of the Wasp.

The next engagement that occupies the arithmetical ingenuity of the British officer, is that between the Macedonian and the United States, fought on the 25th of the same month of October. On this occasion he falls to cyphering most vehemently, and the result of his calculation is, a superiority of three to two in ship, guns, and men, all "picked men," too, and "in buckram," no doubt, on the side of us unlucky Americans. We might state, in contradiction to this, that, in the first place, the Macedonian, instead of eleven hundred is twelve hundred American tons, and the United States only fourteen hundred and fifty, instead of sixteen hundred and thirty, as stated by the writer of the Synopsis;—in the second place, that the United States had neither shifting guns nor howitzers in the tops, and that the number of men on one side is considerably exaggerated, on the other materially diminished; but the writer has kindly saved us the trouble.

Again he is compelled to notice, that "the relative execution done in this action was still more disproportionate than in any former one," to wit, one hundred and four to twelve. Admitting the relative force to be what he states, three to two, we have here a relative loss of almost nine to one. This he ascribes to "the novel manner in which the action was fought;" that is, as we shall directly substantiate, to the superiority of skill displayed by captain Decatur, and the shyness of captain Carden. To the proof.

"Our ship," says the British officer, "had the weather guage; but captain Carden kept at '*long balls*' till all his top-masts were shot away, and his ship had become an unmanageable wreck." Why did he so? The Macedonian, it has since been ascertained, easily outsails the United States; she was to windward in the engagement; the two vessels crossed each other on opposite tacks, each dead upon a wind, and thus commenced the action. It was therefore in his power to close with his antagonist, and in his only. These facts were proved

by the concurrent testimony of all his officers on captain Carden's court martial, which, on that testimony, passed a direct censure on his conduct in not closing when it was in his power. It must be acknowledged however that the Macedonian was, as the writer states, "an unmanageable wreck" in a very few minutes after she came within touching distance of the United States; and really we think it rather hard to be thus, as it were, censured for the shyness of our enemy, or for our skill in taking advantage of it. It only proves, what we have all along asserted, that our officers and seamen are superior to those of Great Britain. Palliate their disasters as they may, this is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn, even from the statements of their own apologists.

As much reliance is placed, by the writer of the Synopsis, on the alledged superiority of the American frigates, and the weight of their metal, we will state the following facts, which are derived from a gentleman present on the occasion to which we refer. Not more than three months previous to the declaration of war, the United States and Macedonian were lying together at Norfolk, where captain Carden was treated with the hospitality for which that place is distinguished, and where he and commodore Decatur often dined together at the houses of different gentlemen. The same officers and crews were attached to both ships that were in them when the engagement afterwards took place; and they visited each others ship daily. On one of these meetings, at the table of the consul at Norfolk, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, the conversation turned on the comparative fore of the two ships, their armament, and the number as well as excellence of their crews. Captain Carden then stated, that a British thirty-eight gun frigate was fully ascertained by experience to be the most efficient single decked vessel that ever "swam the ocean;" that any increase of size was worse than useless, as it only rendered them more unmanageable; that long eighteen pounders had been demonstrated to be better than twenty-fours, and could actually throw a greater weight of metal in a given time,

because their lightness rendered them more manageable; that an increased thickness of sides rendered a ship only more heavy, without bringing any counterbalancing advantage, as it could not be increased so as to stop an eighteen pound shot, while the sides of their frigates would resist grape and canister as well as ours; and, finally, that it was also ascertained that a greater number of men than their regulations allowed was not only useless, but pernicious, because it only crowded them together, and exposed them to greater slaughter. Captain Carden proceeded to state, that this reasoning was founded on his own experience, he having obtained his promotion in consequence of being first lieutenant of a British thirty-eight, which captured a French frigate, mounting forty-four twenty-four pounders. He concluded by saying, that from this experience he felt satisfied he could take the United States with the Macedonian, though at the same time he disclaimed any intention to question the skill or bravery of the American officers. These opinions were held by all the British naval officers in all their debates on the subject, either in the ports of England, the United States, or the Mediterranean sea.

Now really, in all humility, we conceive ourselves entitled, being a young and inexperienced nation, to some little credit for having taught the thrice valiant and experienced officers of our enemy, that they absolutely did not know what they were talking about, and that their "*experience*" had most wofully deceived them. It is certainly an evidence of the superior genius of our country, that even against the authority of such great men, and more than all, against the practice of Great Britain, from whom we are from time to time reproached with borrowing all we know, we should have persisted in building ships with such thick sides, and dared to fight her with twenty-four pounders. We further think, in the simplicity of our hearts, perhaps it may be from our ignorance of such matters, that the officer, who at this time of day, like Decatur, discovers "a novel manner of fighting his ship," by the which he renders his enemy "an unmanageable wreck,"

and kills and wounds more than one-third of his crew, with so little loss or damage to himself, deserves some little credit for his genius. A liberal and a noble enemy would have acknowledged this at once, instead of consulting Dilworth's Assistant, or Cocker's Arithmetic, and racking his brain for palliatives, the absurdity of which he is himself forced to acknowledge; for, notwithstanding every alledged disparity of force, he, in many instances, is obliged at last to resort to the confession, that this alone will not account for the disparity of loss. The solution of this enigma lies, we repeat again, not in the "length and scantling" of our ships, the weight of their metal, or the number of their men, but in the superiority of their officers and men, who are morally and physically better than those of the British navy;—who can point guns, and stand the pointing of an enemy better;—and who will neither risk drowning or hanging to desert from their ships whenever they have an opportunity.

The last thing we shall notice in the foregoing part of the Synopsis, is the author's spiteful denunciation against poor New London, where the Macedonian, together with the United States and Hornet, was blockaded by a British fleet. Not content with having burnt that good town once before, he is for burning it again, for affording a shelter to one of his B. M.'s captured frigates. Now this is really carrying the joke a little too far. One would have supposed that burning a town once would content a magnanimous enemy; but some people are never satisfied. One might also have supposed, that a "British naval officer," who had, like our author, been on the coast of America during the whole war, would have known, that by burning New London he would have been never the nearer to burning the Macedonian, which lay several miles up the little river Thames; consequently, even our fiery officer's fire could hardly have reached her such a long way off, unless he could have set the river on fire, which perhaps, however, would be no very hard matter for such a smart, sensible officer as he appears to be.

## BRITISH NAVAL PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

WE present our readers with an abstract of the proceedings of the British house of commons on voting the supplies for their present naval establishment. It will appear from this document, that the United States are at length *respected* by the government of Great Britain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 14, 1816.

Sir G. *Warrender* rose to move for the supplies for the navy of the present year. It was the intention, he said, of the naval administration of the country to put the navy in a state of perfect efficiency. By efficiency, he meant it would be kept in such a state, that it would be able to contend with the united navies of the world. He should now compare the naval establishment which it was intended to keep up, with that which had been determined on at the close of the last war, though to refer in this way to what had been done in former times, might not be the most convenient course, as he was prepared to contend that the question now to be considered ought to be viewed with a reference to the circumstances of the present day; to the state of our foreign commerce, and the number and importance of our colonies, rather than with a reference to what had been thought sufficient when the situation of the country was very different from what it was now known to be. In the East Indies no addition had been made to the naval force which it had been thought wise to keep up at the time of the last peace. From the Cape, which was perfectly a new station, and which, from its connection with St. Helena, now of more importance than ever, from its being the place wherein he who had so long disturbed the repose of Europe, was confined, must demand particular attention; and for the Mauritius a very considerable squadron had been appointed. This, however, was limited to the very lowest scale which the distinguished admiral on that station had thought would be sufficient. Eleven ships of the line had been thought necessary for this service. In the Mediterranean it had been thought advisable to substitute 74 gun ships for those of 50 guns, which had heretofore been employed. A small squadron had been station off South America, in compliance with the applications made since the last peace, in order to protect our growing trade in that quarter. This, it would be observed, was quite a new station. The force stationed at Jamaica and the Leeward Islands had been somewhat diminished; but, in consequence of the situation in which they stood with respect to South America, the reduction here was but small. One frigate had been added to the force stationed off North America; and on the coast of Africa a squadron would be maintained equal to that kept up during the last peace. The squadron on the home station would be the same as that maintained in 1792. It was proper to remark, that had there been no new stations to occupy, an

increase of men for the peace establishment would be necessary from other circumstances. This partly arose from larger frigates being now more generally in use than were common formerly. These, from the arrangements made by *other powers*, had become necessary to us, and those now in commission required 260 men, instead of the former compliment of 200. He also thought it very important that a corps of royal marines should now be maintained, which were not thought to be necessary formerly. He concluded by moving a vote of 33,000 men to be employed in the navy for the present year, including 3000 marines.

Mr. Ponsonby said that it would require much stronger reasons than he had yet heard, for voting that number as a permanent peace establishment, which on an average had amounted to only 18,000 men. It would be necessary, therefore, to establish the necessity of a greater number. That necessity must be shown to exist, not from the state of our trade or commerce, but from the maritime force of other powers, who might attempt to interfere with our naval strength or safety. The American war closed after two naval campaigns, in one of which the fleet of the enemy rode triumphant in the British channel; and in the other, our ships were compelled to seek security in our harbors against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

If then, at the close of that war, the house thought 18,000 men sufficient for our safety, what could now induce them to vote 33,000? Spain and France were now in alliance with us, and though he did not place much security on their friendship, yet where was their power to injure us? The fleet of Spain was annihilated, and that of France was so reduced as not to deserve any serious consideration on our part. No nation in Europe had any formidable navy; and the combined fleets of the world could not collect twenty-five sail of the line to meet us. It was true, France had twenty ships at the termination of the war; but no one would contend that they were at all equal to a contest with us. But suppose that France should show a disposition to put her navy in a formidable state; could she proceed faster than ourselves? Or could it be a secret to those at the head of naval affairs, that France and Spain were making preparations? It must require a considerable time to augment their maritime strength, and we could not fail to perceive their motions. They could not have the means of increasing their power at sea in any way in which we should not be equal to their exertions. It was quite unnecessary, therefore, to maintain a greater number of men than after the American war.

Mr. Law, considering that from the disposition and conflicting interests of various powers, from the feelings known to exist in America, the hopes of a durable peace were not so certain as had been represented, that our navy ought not to be diminished even to the extent it had been already. If the gentleman passed his eye over the map of Europe, and considered the feelings of

the different governments, he would be satisfied there was a necessity for our keeping up a great naval establishment.

Sir G. Warrender wished to explain a point which he thought had been misunderstood; he wished to state that the increase in the number of seamen did not arise from the number of ships employed, but from the manner in which they were manned. The size of the *French*\* frigates had been increased, and it was necessary that the complement of ours should bear some approximation. The view that the gentleman had taken of the navies of Europe was not quite fair. The last time the Toulon fleet put out to meet lord Exmouth, it consisted of only seventeen sail of the line and two frigates: *the hardest actions fought by the French were in the year 1813*, during which period they sent to sea thirteen frigates, of which eleven were taken, but after hard fighting: but now the French ships of the line amounted to sixty sail, and those of Europe united to nearly two hundred. Such being the case, he would ask the house, he would ask the country, if they would wish to see the establishment of this country reduced to twelve guard ships? No! it would be said, let us rather submit to all the burthens of taxation than diminish that navy to which we owe all our glory—all our security! It had been urged that reduction might be made in some of the foreign stations; but the situation of South America was different from what it had been: our merchants desired protection, and it was proper they should have it. As to any reduction in the West Indies, could we forget or overlook the *new power* growing up in that quarter—*the power of North America!*

Mr. Ponsonby said a few words respecting the observations made upon America, and although he did not know, he believed no disposition of hostility existed in the government of that country towards us; and he regretted that such observations, made in the house of commons undesignedly, might yet have a tendency to inflame the minds of the people of America. He much dreaded the existence of any hostile spirit in America towards this country, or in this country towards America, and he wished that country should not be adverted to in the manner it had been adverted to this night.

Lord Castlereagh would only trouble the house with a very few words, as it would be much more satisfactory to reserve the minuter view of the subject to the proper time, when it would come before the house. The best general principle in the formation of a peace establishment must be to combine security with economy. It was on this principle, that owing to the unsettled state of the world at present, it had become necessary, on many remote stations, to keep up a very considerable naval force, for the purpose of inspiring that confidence which was so indispensable for the prosperity of commerce. The knowledge that there

\* For *French* read *American*.

was a British flag in remote seas, gave to the merchant the earnest of security and protection for carrying on his traffic. To prevent any danger, the sure way was to give no opportunity for attack, by keeping up a strong force wherever it was most probable it could in any case be meditated. On the particular station alluded to by the baronet, it was necessary to have a strong force for securing the safe custody of the individual confined there.

As to the establishment at home, it had been found, with a view to economy, it was better, instead of completely reducing the fleet and retaining only guard ships, to keep the guard ships at a very low rate, and to have at the same time other ships fit for service. It was a great advantage in every respect to have ships ready to be sent on foreign services at the shortest warning. He could not sit down without adverting to what had fallen from some gentlemen in the course of the debate, as to the jealousy to be entertained towards foreign powers increasing their navy. He would be sorry if, in the house, or out of the house, any inference was to be drawn to inculcate a belief that government entertained any feeling of jealousy on this subject towards any foreign state. As to America, it had been said that the people of that country were jealous of us, and to a certain extent perhaps this was truth—but at the same time it was to be recollect, that in this country there exist great prejudices against America. (*Hear, hear.*) It was his most earnest wish to discountenance this feeling on both sides, and to promote between the two nations feelings of reciprocal amity and regard.

Certainly there were no two countries' interests more naturally and closely connected; and he hoped that the course which the government of each country was pursuing was such as would consolidate the subsisting peace, promote harmony between the nations, so as to prevent on either side the recurrence of any imputations against foreign governments, which, with whatever intention they might be thrown, were always productive of the worst consequences. Conjectures, on counsels not understood, were ignorantly hazarded even on matters unconnected with the affairs of this country. (*Hear, hear!*) He was happy that on this subject he had met with an ally in the gentleman opposite (Mr. Ponsonby) and hoped they would cordially cooperate in the encouragement of feelings of friendship and good will between America and this country. (*Hear, hear!*)

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## NAVAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

*Loss of the United States' schooner Roanoke, off Cape Hatteras.*

Extract of a letter from sailing master Page to the navy department, dated February 21st, 1816.

"AT ten P. M. made Cape Hatteras light—and blowing heavy from E. to E. S. E. I immediately tacked to the northward, but found that we ~~drifted~~

towards the shore, and shoaled our water fast. I then thought it prudent to tack to the southward, but missing stays, wore her. Still continuing to shoal our water in steering south, at twelve P. M. I attempted to tack again, but without effect. The vessel having now sternway almost two knots an hour, soon after struck on one of the shoals, so frequent off this cape. We however beat over, as we all thought, without any material injury; but before we could get her trimmed, she again struck, and bilged. I immediately had the main mast cut away,—and made all sail forward, in hopes to get as close in as possible, the sea making a complete breach over her. We had a wretched night of it; and if it had been cold, should all have frozen to death. But I thank the Almighty we all escaped, and are now tolerably well."

The United States's frigate Java, captain O. H. Perry, arrived at Gibraltar, in *seventeen* days from Newport, and proceeded up the Mediterranean, to join the American squadron under commodore Shaw, at Port Mahon.

The Washington, seventy-four, captain Chauncey, is now ready for sea. The Macedonian frigate, captain Warrington, is only waiting the completion of her crew to proceed with Mr. Hughes to Carthagena, to demand the release of the American prisoners detained in custody by the general of the forces of king Ferdinand.

The Algerine brig captured by commodore Decatur, and retained by the Spaniards, had not been given up by the latest advices; and it is said that the application of Mr. Morris, our resident at Madrid, had been treated by the government with arrogant indifference.

The whole of the Algerine fleet was preparing for sea, and it was supposed would be out early in the spring. The fleet carries three hundred and thirty-five guns. The Dey dont like the peace, particularly since the government of Malta assured him of the friendly disposition of his Britannic majesty, that is to say, his protection; and it is the current opinion of all the best informed officers there, that the departure of our squadron will be the signal for hostilities against the United States.

### THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.\*

YE generous sons of Freedom's happy climes,  
 Think, while you safely till your fruitful fields,  
 Of him, th' avenger of Oppression's crimes,  
 Who ploughs a soil which blood and danger yields.  
 Remember still the gallant tar, who roams,  
 Through rocks and gulfs, the ocean's gloomy vast;  
 To quell your foes, and guard your peaceful homes,  
 Who bides the battle's shock and tempest's blast.  
 Think, while you loll upon your beds of down,  
 And mingle with Affection's cheering train,  
 How he's exposed to winter's chilling frown,  
 Without a *kindred soul* to soothe his pain.  
 When seated by your joy-diffusing fire,  
 Some dreary, dark, tempestuous, howling night,  
 Let Fancy's strong, adventurous wing aspire,  
 And poise o'er ocean on aerial height —

\* The author will, we hope, pardon us for a few trifling alterations we have made.

Thence view the rolling world of waves below—  
Survey the barks that bear our daring tars,  
As round them Neptune's howling whirlwinds blow,  
And rend their sails, and crash their yielding spars;

Lo! where the lashing surges, foaming high,  
Convulse the groaning vessel's sturdy frame;  
With lightning torches snatch'd from the vex'd sky,  
Destruction's angel whelms her all in flame.

Fierce thunders burst—the starless welkin glares—  
No aid is near—the lamp of hope expires—  
Terrific Death his haggard visage bares,  
And ocean monsters fly the raging fires.

Behold the gallant crew, Columbia's sons!  
Who've boldly torn the British banner down,  
And faced the mouths of her exploding guns;  
E'en now they scorn to sully their renown!

Though nought but one dark waste of billows wide  
Meet their unweeping eyes—and, ere an hour  
Has flown one hundredth part away, the tide  
Must quench their breath; their spirits do not cower!

They feel, with joy, they've serv'd their country well,  
And lift an honest orison to heaven;  
Their homes upon their dying accents dwell,  
And as they sink, they hope their sins forgiven.

Behold that head with glory circled bright!  
As it descends, the waves around it glow;  
'Tis Blakeley's! he that halo gained in fight,  
When Britain's standard fell beneath his blow.

Though watery mountains roll upon his breast,  
And scaly millions gambol in his grave;  
Yet shall his spirit shine among the blest,  
And fame embalm his memory on the wave.

But see! where yonder floating fragments blaze,  
A lonely, lingering sailor still survives!  
From his frail plank he casts a hopeless gaze,  
Yet still for life with the rough sea he strives.

Far on the tumbling deep the hero's tost—  
Ere long the tempest flags, and dawn appears;  
The sun rolls up the sky, "all, all, are lost!"  
He cries, "my comrades brave!"—thence gush his tears.

The wearied billows sink in slumbers mild,  
And on their sparkling bosoms dolphins play;  
With lusty arms he stems the watery wild,  
And thinks on friends and country far away.

A thousand tender feelings swell his heart—  
His wife's, and babe's, and kindred's dear embrace,  
Shoots through his bosom like a burning dart,  
At thought, that they no more shall see his face.

His eye around the wide expanse he strains,  
In hopes some passing vessel to descrie;

Ploughing the waste of ever waving plains,  
That at far distance meet the bending sky.

And not a whitening surge is seen to rise  
In the waste distance, and towards him roll,  
But seems a friendly sail to his dim eyes,  
Bringing sweet hope to cheer his sinking soul.

Alas, poor sailor!—'tis no help for thee!  
It comes the foaming herald of the storm.—  
'Tis not the whitening canvass that you see,  
But the white winding-sheet to wrap thy form.

In pomp majestie, on his billowy throne,  
Far in the west Day's radiant sov'reign glows;  
His cheering sway the finny nations own,  
As o'er the deep his golden splendour flows.

Their frolics wild the hapless sailor views,  
As round him, through the brine, they flounce and frisk:  
Then, on the western glories seems to muse,  
Until the sun withdraws his flaming disk.

Now, hear the plaint his heart in sadness pours—  
“While pleasure sparkles through the swarming main,  
Illumes yon heaven, and robes my native shores;  
I'm thrown adrift, the sport of direst pain!”

O! that, when in the battle fray I stood,  
And strained each sinew in the glorious cause;  
Some cannon peal had drained my veins of blood,  
And crowned my mortal exit with applause!

But, here I'm doomed to perish in the deep,  
By ocean monster, hunger, storm, or cold;  
Without one messmate o'er my corse to weep,  
And pay the honors due a sailor bold.”

The pall of Night the liquid world enshrouds,  
And silence mingles with the gathering gloom;  
Again the heavens are wrapp'd in rolling clouds,  
And sea-mews shriek o'er many a watery tomb.

Ah! think what now the lonely sailor feels!  
Chill are his brine-steep'd limbs, and numb'd, and tired—  
The swelling mass of waves already reels—  
The sky with flash, succeeding flash, is fired.

The winds are raging fierce—the surges roll—  
The shark and huge leviathan now roam—  
Tremendous thunders shake the distant pole,  
And ocean's heaving breast is whelm'd in foam.

A flickering light gleams o'er the tumbling flood—  
Perhaps a meteor's.—Lives our seaman still?  
Or drinks the insatiate shark his valiant blood?  
This know, whate'er his fate, 'tis God's just will.

Ere long, if not deter'd by critic's ire,  
Wild Fancy may his destiny disclose;  
And call upon his country to admire,  
A sailor's gallantry, and feel his woes.

## ORIGINAL.

*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. Edin. &c. &c. Boston, 1814.

*The Quarterly Review*, No. xxiv. January, 1815.

It may be supposed that subjects requiring so much metaphysical study, and so long a course of philosophical investigation as that on which we are now engaged, do not come within the legitimate province of a periodical publication. Even the Edinburgh reviewers thought fit to apologise for the hasty speculations they hazarded on such topics. As an excuse however for these remarks of ours on the philosophy of the human mind, we would beg leave to observe that our examination of the strictures of Mr. Stewart's critic is only a review against a review; and that we may be capable of defending a fortress, though we could not undertake to rear its walls.

Every reader of Mr. Stewart's masterly production must, we think, have noticed the transition of his style in the third chapter of the second volume. In his preceding speculations, the course of his argument,—

‘Though deep, was clear; though gentle, was not dull.’

But in his strictures on the Aristotelian logic, it proceeds with a force and fluency which the system it opposes,—fortified as it is by its high antiquity, and by the authority of great names,—is little calculated to withstand. So thoroughly persuaded is he of the justness of his principles, and so anxious is he to spread them at once before his readers, that he appears almost regardless of the language in which they are to be delivered; his style losing its former characteristics of studious accuracy and elaboration.—The free, and sometimes contemptuous manner in which he treats the ‘art of syllogizing,’ is poorly fitted to please the disciples of the Stagirite; and we are there-

fore not in the least perplexed to account for the offence which he has given to the writer in the Quarterly Review. ‘That Aristotle’s works (to use the language of Mr. Stewart himself) have of late fallen into general neglect, is a common subject of complaint among his idolaters.’—And is it to be wondered at, indeed, if men are stirred up to some sort of resistance, when those principles which have, from early education, struck deep into all their habits of thinking, are torn up by the very roots? If any thing should be a legitimate source of wonder, it is, that the logical writings of Aristotle should have so long retained mankind in intellectual bondage.

That the logic of Aristotle, considered merely as an object of literary curiosity, is properly introduced into the routine of academical studies, we have no disposition to deny; and indeed Mr. Stewart has, more than once, observed that a cursory acquaintance with the syllogistic art is rightly considered as a necessary accomplishment in a liberal education. On this point, therefore, we fully agree with the Quarterly Reviewers. But that the object of syllogistic reasoning is ‘precisely analogous to that which any other SCIENCE proposes,’ and that the study of all sciences is barely an ‘object of curiosity,’ we can by no means admit. The practical inutility of syllogizing has been so often proved, that a repetition of the reasoning employed for the purpose would be altogether superfluous; and the only excuse we can possibly assign for making a knowledge of the ART a part of liberal education, is, that it has so long predominated over the intellects of some of our most subtle philosophers, and has so completely incorporated itself with our best systems of education;—the same reason which, with a little variation, is to be given for the avidity with which we read descriptions of the labyrinth of Crete, or of the pyramids of Egypt.—Far different, however, is the case with respect to the other sciences. - The specific uses to which these are respectively subservient, it would be idle to enumerate here;—and is it, indeed, to be disputed, at this stage of scientific improvement, whether the sciences are,

or are not, a subject of *curiosity* merely? If the question is to be discussed, we will leave it to those who may entertain doubts on the subject.

The comparison which the Quarterly Reviewers institute between the visionary extravagances of the alchymists and the futile logic of the school-men, is, in our opinion, very unhappily introduced; inasmuch as it militates against the very position they wish to establish, and is, indeed, the best analogy which could be employed against the study of the Aristotelian system. For if the dreams of the alchymists are now universally abandoned for the substantial pursuits of modern chymistry,—how much more necessary is it, to quit the occupation of disputatious syllogizers, and betake ourselves to the legitimate employment of the human mind,—the inductive logic of lord Bacon! The truth is, the very object of that class of writers to which Mr. Stewart belongs, is to effect, as far as possible, in the philosophy of the human mind, what has already been effected in the department of chymistry.

But the Quarterly Reviewers have not rested the importance of studying the *syllogistic science* (as they would have us call it) upon the analogy which it bears to chymistry only. Natural philosophy and taste are, according to them, on precisely the same footing as the logical system of Aristotle. The analogy which they suppose to subsist between the art of syllogizing and the science of natural philosophy, is expressed, without qualification, in the following sentence:—“To argue that the science (*silicet*, of syllogism) is itself a mockery and an imposture, merely because it may be possible to reason as well without a knowledge of it, as with it, (admitting the fact), presupposes a principle against which Mr. Stewart’s own pursuits are by no means secure, and which in other respects seems to be just about as reasonable, as to underrate the discovery which Newton made of the laws of gravitation, because, whether we know these laws, or know them not, bodies will continue just as certainly to fall, and the planets just as regularly to describe their appointed orbits.” In this passage the

writer has taken for granted the very point about which there can be much dispute, to wit, that the mind in all its reasoning does actually proceed in the way of syllogism, through all its variations of mode and figure, just as uniformly as a stone falls to the ground, or a planet revolves in its orbit;—a *petitio principii* of very extraordinary compass; embracing not only the certainty of the art to which it refers, but placing it, in point of importance, upon a level with the sublime, and expansive study of natural philosophy.—We grant the possibility of resolving any demonstration (of Euclid's, for example) into a series of syllogisms of one kind or another; but that the mind, in prosecuting a demonstration, ever did perform the resolution in question, we cannot admit. To assert that the mind in such a case goes through this circuitous reasoning, is about equivalent to saying, that in walking to a certain distance we absolutely *step* on every inch of the ground we pass over. The very reason, we apprehend, which led to the application of the word *step* to the successive stages of the inductive process, was an anxiety to represent the real manner in which the mind is employed,—not as touching upon every minute point which might lie in its way,—but as proceeding from *one* important footstep to *another*, without regarding the intermediate ground. Our meaning will, perhaps, be better expressed in the language of Virgil:—

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longæ

Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

If the foregoing observations be just, they completely destroy the analogy which the Quarterly Reviewers pretend to have discovered between the natural philosophy of Newton and the syllogistic ‘SCIENCE’ of Aristotle.—But waving the consideration of analogies, (which, as Mr. Stewart somewhere justly remarks, are better calculated to confute each other, than to evince the truth), let us see how the Quarterly Reviewers have invalidated the objections against the efficacy of syllogism considered as an organ of discovery in the various departments of science.

"The first remark which I have to offer," says Mr. Stewart, "upon Aristotle's demonstrations, is, that they proceed on the *obviously false* supposition of its being possible to add to the conclusiveness and authority of demonstrative evidence. To which the Quarterly Reviewers make the following reply. "This objection Mr. Stewart expatiates upon at much length: it would, however, have been much more satisfactory, had our author exerted his ingenuity, rather in proving the *fact* which he states, than in demonstrating its *absurdity*. The former," (they proceed), "which is every thing but certain, Mr. Stewart, however, is pleased to take for granted; while by an error exactly analogous to that of which he accuses Aristotle, he goes on to demonstrate, *through we know not how many pages*, an opinion which assuredly no person will contest with him." These remarks are closely followed up by others in the same strain. It is curious to observe the extravagances into which a writer may be led by starting from a misconception of fact. One would suppose, after reading this commentary on Mr. Stewart, that the Quarterly Reviewers not only 'knew not how many *pages*' he had written, but were strangely ignorant of their *contents* also. Does not Mr. Stewart inform us as plainly as our language will permit, that it is to the *fact* alone, and not to its *falsity*, that his observations are directed?—Would he have laboured 'through we know not how many pages' to establish the absurdity of a proposition, which, in the very enunciation of his design, he pronounced to be '**OBVIOUSLY FALSE?**' He who reads Mr. Stewart's discussion on this subject with a moderate share of attention, and no candour at all, cannot but perceive, that he is not exerting his ingenuity to prove an incontestible proposition, but to establish as a matter of fact, 'that the demonstrations of Aristotle [do] proceed on the obviously false supposition,' &c.—Surely the Quarterly Reviewers have indulged themselves in a latitude of censure on this point, which, however it may accord with their code of criticism, has no manner of foundation in the conduct of Mr. Stewart.—That writer has

indeed employed about three pages in some preparatory remarks on the nature of *demonstrative* evidence, as contradistinguished from that which is called *probable*; and in removing objections to his argument which some might suppose to be legitimately drawn from the divers methods which different mathematicians frequently employ to demonstrate the same theorem. No person, however, could be much fatigued with this discussion; and the number of pages through which it extends would not baffle the notation even of an Indian with the common compliment of fingers.

From a subsequent passage, we derive some corroborative evidence that the Quarterly Reviewers had not perused Mr. Stewart's book with sufficient attention. 'When we demonstrate any particular arithmetical truth,' say they, 'by putting it into a general form; it is not that we mean to demonstrate the *truth* of a particular *truth*, but merely to show that it is a particular case of a general theorem.' We are not aware,' they continue, 'that the demonstrations of Aristotle suppose any *other design than this of algebra*; if Mr. Stewart could show to the contrary, we must regret that he did not think proper to do so, either by general arguments, or by quoting from Aristotle,' &c.—In the analogy here introduced between the art of algebra and the art of syllogism, they have,—apparently without the least idea that Mr. Stewart had touched upon the subject,—fallen into a course of reasoning which had been before adopted by Dr. Gillies, and which is formally considered in one of the notes subjoined to this volume. Mr. Stewart there observes, that the analogy in question 'amounts to little more than this, that, in both cases, the alphabet happens to be employed as a substitute for common language.'—Considered in one point of view, the arts we are now speaking of, are placed in the most palpable *contrast*; inasmuch as Algebra is by all confessed to be only a method of contraction, and even the Quarterly Reviewers have told us that the office of syllogism is only that of '*expansion*.' When professor Playfair cast the propositions of the fifth book of Euclid into the algebraic form, how wonderfully did he abridge the operation, and

facilitate the acquisition of the demonstrations! Had he pursued an opposite course, by expanding each demonstration into a series of syllogisms, where could he have found room for the remaining elementary books of his author?

In one place, Mr. Stewart observes that syllogistic reasoning ‘leads the mind into a direction *opposite* to that in which its judgments are formed;’ and in another place, he confesses that ‘every process of demonstrative reasoning may be resolved into a series of syllogisms.’ Between these two passages the Quarterly Reviewers think they perceive a miraculous inconsistency, and victoriously ask,—‘Does Mr. Stewart then mean to say, that every process of demonstrative reasoning ‘leads the mind in a direction opposite to that in which its judgments are formed?’’ Here it is attempted to add plausibility to an argument by taking advantage of an ambiguity in the word judgment, and by confounding two things together, which it is radically important should be kept separate. When Mr. Stewart remarked that syllogistic reasoning leads the mind in a direction opposite to that in which its judgments are formed, he was speaking of this method of investigation as an *organ* for the discovery of physical truth;—and in this department of science, who does not know that the mind ascends from individual facts to universal conclusions, instead of descending, by the way of syllogism, from general propositions to particular cases?\* On the other hand, when we reason from the hypothetical assumptions of pure mathematics,—since what we must call our ‘judgments’ are presupposed to have been formed,—the consecutive steps of any demonstration can easily be resolved into a series of syllogisms. Mr. Stewart was, therefore, perfectly consistent in making the two remarks under consideration; and to us it is surprising how the Quarterly Reviewers, (who are always accusing others of inaccurate reasoning,) should have run into

\* After a judgment has been formed,—or, in other words, after we have established a general proposition,—the mind does, indeed, descend to particular facts; not, however, by syllogistic reasoning.

the egregious mistake of supposing him in both cases to be speaking of the same science. Indeed, there seems to be a strange propensity in the writer of the article before us, to confound distinctions where there is plainly a difference, and to institute divisions where there is nothing but identity.

To this propensity must be attributed the inaccuracy of which he is guilty, in supposing that *judgment* is synonymous with the certainty which always accompanies a process of demonstrative reasoning. This error is the less excusable, because the reviewer could hardly have been ignorant of the pains taken by Locke to prevent such a misapplication of words;—devoting a whole chapter to the adjustment of the distinction between the certain *knowledge* which we attain by demonstration, and the fallible information which is the result of *judgment*,—a power, he remarks, ‘whereby the mind takes its ideas to agree or disagree; or, which is the same, any proposition to be true or false, *without perceiving a demonstrative evidence in the proofs.*’ Thus we see a wide distinction between *demonstration* and *judgment*; the object of the former being absolute certainty,—that of the latter, mere verisimilitude. We are aware that Mr. Stewart has made objections to this division of Locke’s; and we fully agree with him that it supposes an unnecessary multiplication of our intellectual faculties. In so far, however, as the distinction is concerned between *judgment* and *demonstration*, the question, whether the former be an *act*, or a *power* of the mind, is comparatively unimportant. We think it will not be departing from logical accuracy, or from the diction of our purest writers, to say that judgment differs from demonstration as a part differs from the whole; the former being an individual act of the mind,—as when it deduces a single inference from any proposition,—and the latter being a succession of such acts,—as when it deduces a series of those inferences.

The Quarterly Reviewers arraign the opinion of Dr. Reid, Mr. Stewart, and others of the same sect, relative to our instinctive ‘belief in the continuance of the laws of nature.’

Hume, after showing the impossibility of our perceiving a necessary connexion between *cause* and *effect*, carries what he calls his ‘sifting humour’ a little farther, and inquires, By what principle of belief we are led to expect from like causes similar effects; unanswerably proving, too, as we believe, that this expectation is neither the result of reason nor of experience. It is not obtained by reason; for such a process would involve the perception of the necessary efficiency of causes:—it cannot be obtained by experience; for experience, without the intermediation of some other foundation of belief, can only show us how things *were* in time past,—but can throw no light whatever upon what *will be* their situation in time to come. Logicians were driven, therefore, ‘to the alternative, either of acquiescing in his sceptical conclusions, or of acknowledging the authority of some instinctive principles of belief overlooked in Locke’s essay.’ This concession, however, is, according to the Quarterly Reviewers, throwing upon Mr. Hume ‘the whole onus probandi of one of the strangest and most untenable paradoxes that ever was started.’ To prove this very confident asseveration, they have resort to a passage in Mr. Stewart’s first volume, chap. 1, sect. 2;—a passage which *they* quote in order to convict this philosopher of uttering a silly truism; and which *we* shall quote for the purpose of showing how an author’s meaning may be perverted by considering single passages of his writings segregated from the context.

‘The natural bias of the mind,’ says Mr. Stewart, ‘is surely to conceive physical events as somehow linked together, and natural substances as possessed of certain powers and virtues which fit them to produce particular effects. That we have no reason to believe this to be the case, has been shown in a very particular manner by Mr. Hume, and by other writers; and must indeed appear evident to every person on a moment’s reflection.’

‘We certainly agree so far with our author,’ say the Quarterly Reviewers, as to admit there is no doubt “a natural

bias in the mind to conceive material substances as possessed of certain powers which fit them to produce particular effects;" that is, to suppose fire as possessing power to burn, and bread to nourish; and truly, were it any other person than Mr. Stewart who is speaking, we should have supposed *that* he must be *facetious*, when he tells us *that* 'it must appear evident to every person on a moment's reflection' *that* we have no reason whatever to believe in what would seem to be, at first sight, so very undoubted a fact.'

There can be no greater illiberality of criticism, than that which draws disparaging inferences from a misquotation of language,—no easier way to appear *witty*, than by misrepresenting another's meaning. When Mr. Stewart observed that there was a 'natural bias in the mind to conceive physical events as somehow *linked together*,'—in other words, that there is a necessary, indissoluble affinity between cause and effect,—between fire, for instance, and its power to burn,—what is easier than to represent him as simply saying, 'fire will burn, and bread will nourish!' Again, would *any* person appear '*facetious*,' who should say that there is no reason to believe such a necessary connexion to exist, as must 'be evident to every person on a moment's reflection?' Does it appear evident to every person without any reflection at all? Then indeed every man believes that which, without a moment's consideration, he knows to be untrue! We shall leave it for our readers to decide; who appears the most '*facetious*' in this case,—Mr. Stewart, or his Quarterly critic.

Passing over their verbal criticism upon the word *custom*, let us see with what success the Quarterly Reviewers have attacked the opinion of Mr. Stewart concerning our instinctive reliance on the permanency of the laws of nature.

'The question as to the foundation of our belief in matters of fact,' say they, 'may be considered under two heads, which, however intimately connected in their principles, are yet distinguishable in themselves: these are why we conclude that the things which now exist will continue to exist in

future;\* and continuing to exist, why we suppose that they will retain the same properties. Both these questions may be very briefly, and we think very satisfactorily answered. With respect to the first, we may observe that the maxim *de nihilo nihil fit*, is one which it plainly involves a speculative absurdity to deny. Accordingly, Dr. Reid enumerates among what he calls ‘the first principles of *necessary* truths that every thing which had a beginning must have had a cause.’ p. 311.

‘It is however perfectly obvious, that to suppose any thing to be annihilated without a cause, is just as impossible as to conceive its being *produced* without one; and consequently no such cause being perceived or apprehended, our reason necessarily infers, upon the principles of Dr. Reid himself, that whatever now exists will continue to exist, in some shape or other, until the same Almighty hand that called it into being shall be pleased in like manner to recall it from existence.’ Id. p.

To us this does not appear to be a very ‘satisfactory’ refutation of Mr. Stewart’s principles; inasmuch as, being more fully stated, it will be found to contain the very opinion which this philosopher was anxious to establish. For the sake of perspicuity, we will repeat the sentence last quoted in the same words as are used by the Quarterly Reviewers; only inserting in some places enunciations of the same proposition in different forms of phraseology. ‘It is however perfectly obvious, that to suppose anything to become annihilated without a cause, is just as impossible as to conceive its being produced without one; and consequently no such cause being perceived or apprehended,—that is, since we cannot perceive any annihilating cause,—or, in other words, since we rely upon the continuance of the laws of nature,—our reason necessarily infers, that whatever now exists will continue to exist, in some shape or other, until the same Almighty hand that called it into being shall be pleased in like manner to

\* The language here used involves a petitio principii; for to conclude that things will continue to exist, supposes a process of reasoning,—the very point in question.

recall it from existence.' We will venture to say, that Mr. Stewart would not dispute a single clause of this passage. As long as we continue to rely upon the stability of the laws of nature,—or in the less definite language of the Quarterly Reviewers, as long as we apprehend no cause of their annihilation,—so long we may conclude that *things* (which are only the results of these laws) will continue to exist. The proposition thus stated amounts merely to this, that, while the cause exists, we conclude the effect will take place; while the law of gravitation remains, the descent of heavy bodies may be expected. Whether this conclusion be the result of reason, is another question;—a question on which Mr. Stewart has not even suggested a remark. All he wished to enforce was, That, in all reasoning concerning contingent truth, we do actually rely upon the continuance of the laws of nature; and that this reliance is neither the result of reason, nor of experience. The argument of the Quarterly Reviewers does not therefore even bear upon the position which they have attempted to assail.

It may be observed further, that their reasoning on this subject proceeds upon the very unphilosophical plan of assigning a superfluous number of causes to the same effect. It is plainly absurd to represent God as first instituting a particular cause, and then as producing another to counteract its effect; inasmuch as a bare removal of the original cause is a much more simple and natural way of accomplishing the object. It is therefore a very violent application of the proposition *de nihilo nihil fit*, to assert that, since nothing can be *produced* without a cause, nothing can be *unnihilated* without one. This annihilation is effectuated as soon as the Almighty pleases to annul the laws of the universe.

After proving (as they supposed) that our reason necessarily infers that what now exists will continue to exist, the Quarterly Reviewers proceed to answer the next question by the following very extraordinary process of reasoning:—

'But why do we conclude that it will continue to retain the same nature and properties? This question is, in substance, already answered; it may however be farther observed, that the existence of material substances being supposed, the relations in which they stand towards each other, are *obviously* just as absolute with respect to us, as those which we trace among merely speculative truths; *the only difference of the two cases is, that the former depend for their continuance upon contingence, whereas the latter are, in their very nature, immutable and eternal.*' p. 312.

It is surprising how it could have escaped this writer that the 'difference' alluded to, in the latter part of the passage, completely subverts the position laid down in the former. 'The very circumstance upon which this difference is founded, was all that Mr. Stewart wished to be admitted; namely, that physical relations, being held together by *contingency*,—that is, being dependent for their continuance upon the permanency of the laws of nature,—are not, and cannot be absolute; but that the relations of speculative truths, being altogether independent of those laws, are in their nature immutable and eternal.—The reasoning of this writer, in short, sets out with declaring that physical truth is *absolute*, and ends by admitting it to be *contingent!* If the reader will take the pains to inspect the remainder of the reasoning on this subject, he will find it pregnant with this species of inconsistency; the different paragraphs alternately recognizing and confounding the distinction between *physical* and *hypothetical* truth.

We have now touched upon the principal objections which the Quarterly Reviewers have opposed to the philosophy of Mr. Stewart; and our readers will undoubtedly be pleased to hear that this dry analysis is now drawn to a close. The number and the nature of the subjects upon which it was necessary to animadvert, furnish the best excuse for the length to which our remarks have extended.\*

\* We are indebted for this review to a learned gentleman of Newhaven, Connecticut.

[Communicated.]

*Historical Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana in 1814-15. With an Atlas. By Major A. Lacarriere Latour, principal engineer in the late Seventh Military District United States' army. Written originally in French, and translated for the author, by H. P. Nugent, esq.*

Bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad castra reversos,  
 Bis rejecti armis respectant terga tegentes.  
 Turbati fugiunt Rutuli—  
 Disjectique duces, desolatique manipli,  
 Tuta petunt— Virg.

*Philadelphia, published by J. Conrad & Co. 8vo. Price \$5.*

OUR brethren of Louisiana, since their admission into the American family, have displayed a spirit of patriotism which does them the highest honour. The invasion of their territory by a British army, sufficiently tested their attachment to the nation of which they constitute a respectable part. The enemy expected to find them disaffected to our cause; but they vied with our soldiers in the exercise of all the civic and military virtues, and entitled themselves to the thanks of the national legislature “for the patriotism, fidelity, zeal and courage with which they promptly and unanimously stepped forth in defence of all the individual, social and political rights held dear by man.” Not satisfied with emulating their fellow citizens of the older states in warlike achievements, they also appear determined to pursue a rival course in the flowery fields of literature. Far from viewing this spirit with a jealous eye, we are disposed to give it every possible encouragement, and to bestow, with an impartial hand, our meed of praise, on every valuable literary production of our country, whether generated on the banks of the Mississippi or on those of the Delaware.

*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

Copious extracts from this work have already been presented to the public in *The Port Folio* for November and in *The Analectic Magazine* for December last, so that our readers have been in a great degree enabled to form a judgment of its merits, as far at least as respects the style and manner of narration. We will, therefore, content ourselves at present with giving our opinion of the general character of the book, without loading our pages with further specimens, except where we may find it necessary to illustrate some observation that we may be induced to make.

The author of this memoir was employed during the whole of the Louisiana campaign as principal engineer of the late seventh military district, and his duty, as well as his inclination, attached him to the person of the commander-in-chief. He was not only an eye-witness, but a principal actor in the events which he relates, *et quorum pars magna fuit*. We may, therefore, expect from him a more detailed and correct account than from a mere unconcerned spectator, or one who should relate the facts only from the testimony of public documents, and the hearsay of others. Nor are we deceived in our expectations—Truth is stamped on the face of *Major Latour's* narrative by its own internal evidence. The writer professes no more than to give us a plain unvarnished tale, a journal, as it were, of events, as they occurred from day to day, and hence he has entitled his work an “Historical Memoir” and not a “history,” a name which has often been given to productions that deserved it less. Under the favour of this unassuming title, he was at liberty to vary his style as he pleased, and never found himself under the necessity of sacrificing facts to arrangement or diction. Of this liberty he has freely and properly availed himself whenever the subject has required it. Hence, in relating those events and circumstances which involved a great deal of minute detail, he has given us a simple diary of daily occurrences, while, in other places, he has given full scope to the powers of his imagination; and his style, always chaste and pure, occasionally rises even to elo-

quence. Perspicuity appears throughout to have been his principal object, and throughout he appears to have attained it. With the help of his maps and plans, the reader may obtain as complete and correct an idea of the various events of this memorable campaign as if he had been present at each scene. We have no doubt that military men will be highly satisfied with the performance.

The moral scenes which the country exhibited in those eventful times, major Latour has depicted with the pencil of a master. For this we refer our readers to his descriptions of the state of the city of New Orleans before and after the arrival of general Jackson, which are inserted in *The Port Folio* for November last, pages 479-480. In pages 481-482 of the same number, will be found his descriptions of the face of the country which was the theatre of war. In both instances the author has exhibited the talent and the skill of a painter.

Among the distinguishing characteristics of genius, there is none more certain than the power of discerning, in the midst of a variety of confused scenes, those delicate traits of national character, which though worthy of remark, seldom fail to escape the eye of a common observer. This major Latour has done in several instances, with peculiar felicity. We will only select two, which, we hope, will not only illustrate, but fully justify our observation.

The first is in the preface, where, after giving due praise to the patience and perseverance of our brave soldiers, in the midst of the most intolerable hardships, he caps the climax of his proofs by the following observation: "Nay more," says he, "four-fifths of our little army were composed of militia-men or volunteers, who, it might be supposed, would with difficulty have submitted to the severe discipline of a camp, and, of course, would often have incurred punishment; yet, nothing of the kind took place, and I solemnly declare, that not the smallest military punishment was inflicted. This is a fact respecting which I defy contradiction in the most formal manner."

For this phenomenon, as he calls it, he finds it difficult to account. He takes this opportunity to burst out in so eloquent a strain, that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting the whole passage:

"What, then, was the cause of this miracle? The love of country—the love of liberty. It was the consciousness of the dignity of man—it was the noblest of feelings, which pervaded and fired the souls of our defenders—which made them bear patiently with their sufferings, because the country required it of them. They felt that they ought to resist an enemy who had come to invade and to subdue their country;—they knew that their wives, their children, their nearest and dearest friends were but a few miles behind their encampment, who, but for their exertions, would inevitably become the victims and the prey of a licentious soldiery. A noble city and a rich territory looked up to them for protection;—those whom their conduct was to save or devote to perdition, were in sight, extending to them their supplicating hands. Here was a scene to elicit the most latent sparks of courage. What wonder, then, that it had so powerful an effect on the minds of American soldiers—of Louisianian patriots! Every one of those brave men felt the honour and importance of his station, and exulted in the thought of being the defender of his fellow citizens, and the avenger of his country's wrongs. Such are the men who will always be found, by those who may again presume to insult a free nation, determined to maintain and preserve her rights."

The other instance of a happy discovery and elegant delineation of a nice trait of the American character, is in pages 244–245, where he describes the humane feelings of our army after the battle of the eighth of January, and contrasts them with what they felt on other less glorious occasions. We copy the whole passage.

"In my account of the affair of the 8th January, which I beg the reader to compare with the report of general Lambert, I have forgotten to mention a circumstance that reflects the highest honour on our troops. I shall insert it here; and it cannot fail to afford pleasure to the feeling mind.

"At the time of the preceding attacks, those of the 28th of December and first of January, after our artillery had silenced that of the enemy, and forced his troops to retire, repeated huzzas from the whole of our line rent the air; the most lively demonstrations of joy were every where exhibited by our soldiers—a presage of the fate of the enemy, in a general attack. On the 8th of January, on the contrary, no sooner was the battle over than the roar of artillery and musketry gave place to the most profound silence. Flushed with victory, having just repulsed an enemy who had advanced to scatter death in their ranks, our soldiers saw, in the numerous corpses that strewed the plain, only the unfortunate victims of war;—in the wounded and prisoners, whom they hastened to attend, only suffering and unhappy men; and in their vanquished enemies, brave men, worthy a better cause. Elated with their success, but overpowered by the feelings of a generous sympathy for those unfortunate victims of the ambition of their masters, they disdained to insult the unfortunate by an untimely exultation, and cautiously avoided any expression of joy, lest they should wound the feelings of those whom the chance of battle had placed in their hands. In the midst of the horrors of war, humanity dwells with delightful complacency, on the recital of such noble traits; they soothe the heart under the pressure of adversity, and divert the mind from the contemplation of ills which we can neither avoid nor entirely remedy."

We are sorry to observe that major Latour has sometimes indulged himself in indecorous expressions against the British government and nation; such as "our ferocious enemy," and the like; which ought never to find place in an historical work:—yet we do not find that these feelings have made him swerve any where from the strictest impartiality. He bestows due praise on the courage of our late enemies—on the intrepidity of the unfortunate Packenham, and on the honourable and "soldierly conduct" of major-general Lambert. But he severely criticises the official reports of admiral Cochrane, general Keane, and some other British officers, and it appears that his criticisms, though dealt with no sparing hand, are in general just, and founded on the truth of facts which those gentle-

men had rather too much discoloured. Perhaps the reader will be curious to know in what manner our author takes notice of the celebrated charge which was made against the commanders of the British army, of having given the words "Beauty and Booty" for a parole and countersign, on the memorable eighth of January. This subject is only mentioned in a note at the end of the Memoir, with which we shall conclude our extracts, and our review of this interesting and valuable book.

"It has been asserted from the concurrent report of a great number of the British prisoners and deserters, that on the memorable 8th of January, the parole and countersign of the enemy's army were *Beauty and Booty*. Although this report is generally believed in the United States, particularly as it never has been formally denied by those whom it most concerns, I have not thought it sufficiently authenticated to record it as an historical fact. It is indeed a most heinous charge, and if untrue, requires not only a clear and positive denial, but also the proof of the genuine parole and countersign, which may be easily obtained, as it is well known that it is consigned in the orderly books of every corps in the army. It has been said that the British government considers it below its dignity to condescend to refute a calumny which has been only circulated through the medium of newspapers and other periodical publications in the United States. But this will not do; the almost unanimous assertion of the deserters and prisoners on which this report is founded, is a fact too serious to be looked over, and it is but too much supported by the positive and repeated threats of admiral Cochrane, in his letters of the 18th August and 19th September, 1814; by the letters of other officers, intercepted on board the St. Lawrence, and the conduct of the British at Hampton, Alexandria, and other places. It cannot be considered derogatory to the dignity of any government to undeceive a great nation, among whom every individual exercises a portion of the sovereignty. The voice of that nation will be heard, and its historians, if the British government persists in its unjustifiable silence, will at last no longer be swayed by the motives of delicacy and respect to a vanquished enemy which have actuated the au-

thor of these Memoirs. The fame of general Packenham and his officers, the moral character of the British military, strongly implicated by a charge of this nature, and the honour of the British government, all imperiously demand that it be refuted, if capable of refutation, which may be easily done, if general Lambert, whose honourable conduct in the course of this campaign does not permit the least doubt to be entertained of his veracity, will only come forward and state the real fact—otherwise, and if proof, such as this, cannot be obtained, the report must be considered as true, and I leave to future historians the unpleasant task of animadverting upon a conduct so shocking to humanity.”

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[Communicated.]

REMARKS ON ADDISON'S CRITICISM OF THE SEVENTH BOOK OF  
PARADISE LOST.

LOOKING over that delightful collection of essays, *The Spectator*, of which Addison's make by far the best part, I particularly noticed in the 339th number, his celebrated criticism upon the seventh book of *Paradise Lost*. Addison extols in very high terms Milton's thought of the Creator taking his *golden compasses* “to circumscribe this universe and all created things;” and says “it is a noble incident in this wonderful description.” Now, with all due deference to so great a critic, I think the thought a very poor one. The Creator, who had only to say, ‘let the world be, and the world was,’ is represented almost irreverently, certainly most unworthily, like a mechanic, taking a pair of compasses to circumscribe the bounds of the universe. This thought, which would do honour to Blackmore, and might make a figure in Pope's *Art of Sinking*, is yet—merely because Milton wrote it, and Addison praised it—extolled by thousands, who are ready to pronounce it wonderfully sublime.

But Addison tells us that this thought is “altogether in Homer’s spirit.” I grant it is much more like a heathen poet’s idea of his gods, than like that which a Christian ought to entertain of the Great Creator. Homer frequently represents his deities engaging in contests with men, and not always successfully:—Even Mars is once sent bellowing from the field of battle, having been wounded by the sword of Diomed. But how different are these gods from that Almighty Being, to whose greatness the highest human imagination cannot elevate itself!—who “beheld, and drove asunder the nations;”—at whose presence “the everlasting mountains were scattered.” What a sublime idea is here presented of the Supreme Being, in comparison with Homer’s Minerva, with “her spear,” which would overturn whole squadrons, “and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities;” or even with Milton’s notion of the Creator taking a pair of compasses, and centering one foot and turning the other round—to lay out the world in an exact circle. How feeble are these conceptions compared with the representation given of the Eternal Spirit, in the first book of Genesis—simple as that appears, and unadorned by that magnificence of language, with which Milton has clothed his ideas. In his whole poem there is hardly greater beauty of versification than in the passage to which I allude; and this charm imposes upon many who mistake elegance of diction for grandeur of thought.

How many, while repeating the following lines, will condemn my criticism?

“ Then stay’d the fervid wheels and in his hand  
“ He took the golden compasses, prepared  
“ In God’s eternal store, to circumscribe  
“ This universe, and all created things.  
“ One foot he centered, and the other turned  
“ Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
“ And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
“ This be thy just circumference, O world!”

## STRICTURES ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BAYARD.

## TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE read with no small degree of pleasure in your magazine for this month, a biographical memoir of the late lamented James A. Bayard. The talent it displays does honour to the writer. I have, however, one objection to it, which has led to this animadversion, for which I request a place in your next number.

This memoir is tinged with strong party feeling, and is really the vehicle of a general defence of one of our great political parties, and as general a reprobation of the other. This cannot escape the observation of the most superficial reader.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into a particular review of this memoir. It would require more time than I can spare—more leisure than I possess. I merely trespass on you for the purpose of correcting a most important error, which involves a direct contradiction between two different parts of the production.

Among the most important questions between the two parties, is that of the late war—whether it was just or unjust—expedient or inexpedient. Great has been the variance of opinions on this subject. Many of the most respectable federalists in the United States, who have most unqualifiedly reprobated the war as inexpedient and ill-timed, and entered into without any adequate preparation, nevertheless admit that the outrages perpetrated on our seamen and the depredations on our commerce, afforded ample justification of war, even long before it was declared.

Your correspondent has, however, placed Mr. Bayard before the public with a strong declaration that the war was not only “ill-timed” but “unnecessary.”

This idea is conveyed in the following words: “Mr. Bayard, viewing the points of difference with the dispassionate eye of an intelligent statesman, had pronounced the war *unnecessary* and *ill-timed*.”

This statement is wholly erroneous; and it is, in fact, indirectly contradicted in the preceding page. Mr. Bayard is there correctly stated to have "moved to delay the declaration of war till the 31st of October." A short synopsis of his speech is given, in which there is not the most remote allusion to the idea of the war being "*unnecessary.*" The whole jet of the argument goes to enforce the necessity of making adequate preparations to meet in hostile array the most formidable nation in the world—and, likewise, of affording time for the commerce and navigation of the United States, then scattered over the surface of the ocean, to return home in safety.

It is too obvious to escape notice, that a motion to postpone a measure till a definite period, and for a specific purpose, and without any other objection to the measure itself, than merely the time of its adoption, is a clear admission of its justice and necessity. Acquiescence in this conclusion requires no very extraordinary portion of candour.

But strong as this ground is, the position I advocate can be maintained without a recourse to it. It rests on a basis far beyond mere inference.

Mr. Bayard, who was, in the fullest sense of the word, a true American, had long before borne the most decisive testimony against the outrages perpetrated by Great Britain on this country, and had scouted the idea of the pretence of retaliation, on which your correspondent places no small dependence.\* And still further—in the very speech which he made in support of his motion for postponing the declaration of war,

\* Extract from a speech of James A. Bayard, Esq. in the Senate of the United States, October 31, 1811.

"They (the orders in council) were adopted as a measure of retaliation, though they never deserved that character. He had always considered the Berlin and Milan decrees used as a mere pretext. Those decrees were vain and empty denunciations in relation to England. The plain design of the British government was to deprive France of the benefits of external commerce, unless the profits of it were to be divided with herself. This was fully proved by the license

or in one delivered about that time, he solemnly pledged himself and his party, that if war were delayed till October, and if the British did not in the interim redress our wrongs, he and they would heartily support the war. Would such a man as Mr. Bayard give such a pledge in favour of a war which he deemed "*unnecessary?*"

I have been brief, because I wish not to engross too much of your valuable miscellany. Permit me, however, to add, that I most sincerely deprecate the admission of articles whose object is to give your work the forbidding features of a party publication. Into the capacious reservoirs of newspapers let our party politicians discharge the effusions of their zeal, their prejudices, their antipathies. These boundless vehicles afford ample space and a suitable scene to satisfy the most ardent zealot. Let the Analectic Magazine aspire to preserve the reputation of being a national work—devoted to support the national honour—to advocate the national interest—to correct the national taste—and to inspire a nationality of feeling. So far as it runs that glorious career, so far it will continue to deserve the approbation and support of all who are worthy of the honoured name of Americans.

One unpleasant consequence of a departure from these rules is, that if you allow a democratic correspondent to assail the federalists, or a federal correspondent to assail the democrats, you cannot, without a violation of the rules of equity, preclude

trade. Britain carries on the very trade she denies to neutrals, and having engrossed the whole to herself, she excludes neutrals from a participation.

"I am among the last men in the Senate, who would justify or defend the orders in council—they violate the plainest rights of the nation. The ground of retaliation was never more than a pretext, and their plain object is to deprive France of neutral trade. It never was contended, nor does Britain now contend, that she would be justified by the laws or usages of nations, to interdict our commerce with her enemy. She covers her injustice with the cloak of retaliation, and insists that she has a right to retort upon her enemy the evils of his own policy. This is a doctrine to which I am not disposed to agree. *It is destructive to neutrals. It makes them the prey of belligerents. It is a doctrine to which we must resist.*"

the aggrieved party from an opportunity of defence; and your work will thus be encumbered with replies and rejoinders, like the present—far less acceptable to your readers than those elegant and powerful productions, which have given it so high a rank among the periodical publications of our era.

*April 1.*

AMERICANUS.

The note appended to the Life of Mr. Bayard renders any comment on the preceding article unnecessary. No further discussion of the subject will be admitted in this magazine.

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#### PLATO ON THE NATURE OF TYRANNY AND THE CHARACTER OF A TYRANT.

THE writer of the following article has endeavoured to transmute into our language an important part of one of the most celebrated of the works of Plato; a name which, notwithstanding all the visionary and extravagant ideas associated with it, is still dear to the lovers of learning and virtue. The work in question is his discourses on republics: \* it consists of ten books of dialogues, on justice, religion, government, and various other subjects connected with political affairs. The principal speaker is supposed to be Socrates: his discourses form, indeed, almost the whole of the book. The other occasional speakers are Glauco, Adimantus, Cephalus, Polemarchus, and Thrasymachus. The scene is in the house of Cephalus at Piræum.

Our extract is from the eighth and ninth books. To make it more interesting to our readers and more suitable to our limits, we have omitted the numerous responses and commonplace observations of the interlocutors; and have, in other respects, abridged and condensed it, endeavouring, however, to preserve the spirit, force and peculiar character of the original.

It should be remembered that the democracies of which it treats, were essentially different from ours. Democracy was understood by the Greeks, to denote a form of republican go-

\* In the original; Πολιτεία, ή, Περὶ δικαιωνίας—usually quoted in Latin, De republica.

vernment in which the supreme power is vested in an aggregate assembly of all the free citizens of the state, and exercised by them, for the most part, not by deputies or representatives, as with us, but in their own proper persons.

SOCRATES.—Let us now see, my dear friends, what is the nature of tyranny. It evidently arises from popular government, in the same manner as democracy from the government of the few. The last sort of government is destroyed by the excessive avarice and ambition of those who rule; and those who overthrow them are in like manner perverted and ruined by their too ardent desire of unbridled liberty:—for in a democracy liberty is esteemed above all other things:—in it the name of liberty is continually resounded; and yet it is the insatiable lust of liberty, with the neglect of other things, which changes this republic, and compels it to stand in need of a tyrant. When a democratic state is thirsting after freedom, and happens to have bad presiding cup-bearers, and becomes drunk with swilling too copious draughts of it, the people punish their chiefs and archons if they be not wholly tame, and do not concede whatever is demanded of them; accusing them of being tyrannical and desirous of aristocracy; and those who obey the magistrates are abused as willing and worthless slaves. Such a people applaud and honour, publicly and privately, magistrates who are on a level with subjects, and subjects who are on a level with their rulers. And must not, my friends, this rooted and ingrafted anarchy insinuate itself into private families? Will not the father resemble his child, and the son become the equal of his father, neither revering nor standing in awe of his parents; that so indeed he may be absolutely free? The foreigner, in such a state, is equal to the denizen, and the denizen to the citizen. The teacher fears and flatters his scholars, and the scholars despise their preceptors and schoolmasters. The young set themselves upon an equality with those advanced in years, and the old and the young resemble and rival each other in their amusements, their words and their actions. The liberty of the populace is extreme:

even the bondsmen are no less free than those who purchase them; and the women are on a perfect equality with their husbands. At length the citizens become so fastidious, and so intolerant of authority, that they despise all laws, written as well as traditional, lest any one should by their means rule over them. This, my friends, is the government apparently so excellent and beautiful, from which it appears to me that tyranny originates. The democracy is, in fact, enslaved by its own excessive licentiousness:—for excesses of every kind are wont to occasion their contraries. Thus too much freedom seems to be changed into excessive slavery. Wherefore I say that out of no other republic doth tyranny so often arise as out of democracy: from extreme liberty, the most grievous and savage slavery springs. The idle and profligate, who are bold and enterprising, are the ruin of such a state, for they are generally the ruling party in it; and they say and do severe and daring things. Some of them frequent the tribunals of justice and speak there, and will allow no one to direct in them but themselves. All things in this republic, with few exceptions, are administered by them. But another party is soon distinguished; the industrious, the polite, and the opulent. These will be squeezed and pillaged by the other; for the rich are the pasture of the drones of this hive. And as for those who mind their own affairs and meddle not much with any others, they form a third or middle party, and are often numerous and influential in the general assembly of the state. The rich who are plundered, or in danger of being so, are obliged to defend themselves against the popular party by every means in their power. They are naturally led to wish for a change of government from the democratic to the oligarchic form. A violent opposition is made by the people and their partisans; and thence accusations, lawsuits, and mutual contentions arise. In such circumstances the people are wont to set up some one as their champion and defender, and to support and cherish him, in order that he may powerfully and effectually maintain their cause. This is the root of a tyranny. What then is the

beginning of the change from a lawful chief-magistrate into a tyrant? The fable relates, that whoever tasted of the human entrails, which were mixed with those of the other sacrifices in the temple of Lycaeum Jupiter, (to whom was dedicated the wolf in Arcadia) immediately became a wolf. In the same manner, he who, becoming the ruler of an enslaved multitude, abstains not from kindred blood, but, as tyrants are wont, unjustly accuses others of pretended crimes, and stains himself with cruel slaughter, tasting with impure tongue and unhallowed mouth the blood of his neighbour, and banishes some and murders others, and abolishes debts and distributes plundered lands—must not such a man, of necessity, be either killed by his enemies, or exercise great tyranny, and from a man become a wolf? And if the people are unable to expel him or cause him to be put to death by a public accusation, they will conspire to kill him privately. Hence it happens, that all who have mounted up to tyranny have demanded guards for their persons.

Let us now consider the condition with respect to happiness of the tyrant himself, and of the state in which such a man arises. At first, indeed, he smiles upon and salutes every one he meets, and declares that he is no tyrant, and promises many things, and frees from debts, and distributes lands to the people and to his partisans, and affects to be good-natured and mild to all. But when he shall have reconciled some of his enemies and destroyed others, and that tranquillity is established, he will immediately excite some war, in order that the people may stand in need of a leader, and that such of them as may have been impoverished and are destitute, may be thus urged and enabled to gain their daily subsistence, and be thereby less ready or likely to meditate plots against him. And if he suspect that any of them, who are of free and bold spirits, will not allow him to govern, to have some pretext for destroying them, he exposes them to the enemy. For these causes, it is necessary for a tyrant to be always stirring up new wars. But this must render him odious to his citizens. Some of these

who have been advanced along with him, and who partake of his power—such of them, at least, as are of manly spirits—will, among themselves and even with him, condemn these proceedings. It will behove the tyrant to cut off all those persons if he mean to reign securely, till he leave no one, either friend or foe, of any importance in the state. He must, therefore, strictly observe who is courageous, who is magnanimous, who wise and who rich: for such is his hard fortune, that whether he wills it or not, he is under a necessity of being an enemy to all these, and to lay snares until he clear the state of them. In a dire necessity truly is he bound; that he must either live with many wicked men and be hated by them, or not live at all. And the more he is hated by his citizens or subjects, shall he not want a greater number of guards for his defence? And whom shall he employ? The sordid, the servile, and the worthless: for good men hate and fly from him.—Euripides, and other poets, commend tyranny as an excellent government, and say much in praise of the wisdom of tyrants: for which reason those writers (as they too are wise) will pardon us, and those who wish to administer public affairs after our manner, for not admitting such panegyrists of tyranny into our republic. Let them go about among other states and offer for sale their fine, magnificent and persuasive words, and endeavour for the sake of the honours and rewards they receive from tyrants, to seduce republics into tyranny.—But to return to our subject: Let us now mention in what manner the tyrant can support his army, so numerous, so splendid and multiform. If there be in the state any property consecrated to religious purposes, he will, in the first place, seize and sell that, and spend what it produceth. He will next require from the people some light tax or tribute: and when these resources fail, he and his household companions, and his associates, and his harlots, must be maintained wholly by the people out of their paternal inheritance. Those who have begotten the tyrant must nourish him and his. But the enraged multitude, who set him up, will say that it is not just that the adult offspring

should be maintained by the parent; that they did not make him for this purpose to be the servants of his servants, and to maintain him and them with all the tumultuary train of his attendants and parasites; but in order to be liberated by him from the dominion of the rich. And now they will command him and his friends to depart from the state, in the same manner that a father would turn out of doors a prodigal son and his drunken companions. Then at length, by Jupiter, will this people know what beasts they are themselves, and what a beast they have generated, and bred up, and delighted in. Their attempt to drive him out will be vain, for he is now too strong for them. The tyrant with parricidal arms will overpower his country: so that this people, so impatient of the government of freemen, instead of the excessive and unseasonable liberty they desired, must submit to the most rigorous and grievous bondage.

The tyrant himself remains to be considered, what kind of man he is, how his character is formed, and whether he leads a miserable or a happy life. Let us first consider the nature of the desires of man.—Of those desires which are not necessary, some, it appears to me, are unlawful. These indeed spring up in every one; but being corrected by reason, by the laws, and by the better desires, they either forsake some men altogether, or are so repressed, as to appear rarely, and to become feeble. Such are the desires which are oftenest excited in sleep, when the rational part of the soul is at rest, and the part which is brutal and savage, being intoxicated with liquor and loaded with food, exults immoderately. It then dares to do every thing, being void of all reason and discretion: it will commit whatever is impudent, rash, impure, and atrocious; and scruples not at any crime, or any manner of depravity, however hideous. But he who is in good health, and lives with temperance and moderation, and retires to rest, having stirred up the rational part of his soul, and filled it with good thoughts, and feasted it with choice reasonings;—and having allowed the concupiscent

part of the soul (which requires the nourishment of pleasures) neither to be starved nor glutted, so that it may be quiet, and give no disturbance by its wants or its satiety; and having likewise restrained and soothed the irascible part of the mind, that it be not disturbed by transports of anger; such a person having thus composed the two unadvised parts of the soul, in order that the third, or rational part, wherein wisdom resides, may shine forth unclouded, shall in this manner take rest: he will enjoy tranquillity, and the visions of his sleep will resemble truth.—There is, in fact, in every one, even in those who appear among men the most moderate, a species of desires, terrible, savage, and iniquitous.

Suppose now a person educated in corrupt manners, and drawn into all kinds of licentiousness and flagitiousness—which is termed, however, by those who seduce him, the most complete liberty: when those corrupters have no hopes of retaining him in their power any other way, they excite in him certain furious lusts, and by their odours, and perfumes, and garlands, and wines, and all the various contrivances and machinations which such dissolute persons are wont to employ, they feed his pleasures, and add stings to his desires. Then, indeed, his whole soul rages and burns with madness. Being thus stimulated and surrounded with such companions, if any moderate desires, or any modest sentiments or opinions should obtrude themselves upon him, he immediately destroys or expels them, until he be entirely void of all temperance, and be filled with new phrenzy. Thus it is that a tyrannical man originates. Of old it was said, that love is a tyrant; and hath not a drunken man, likewise, a tyrannical disposition? He is furious and beside himself, and endeavours and hopes to govern not only men, but even the immortal gods. The tyrannical man, most excellent friends, becomes so completely, when, either from his natural temper, or his pursuits, or from both, he becomes melancholy, or a drunkard, or violently in love.—But in what manner does he live? In the midst of feastings, and revellings, and banquets and harlots, and all such things as may be ex-

pected to surround those whose souls are governed by tyrant lusts. And every day and night do there spring forth in them most vehement desires, indigent of many things. If they have any yearly revenue, it is soon expended, and then they borrow on usury, and dissipate their paternal inheritance. And when all things fail them, when their many and ardent desires, nestling in the mind, shall give frequent and powerful cries, and sting and goad them, they will endeavour to find out if any one possess any thing which they may acquire by deceit, or seize by violence. They are compelled, therefore, to plunder from every quarter, or be tormented with great agonies: and as with such a man his new pleasures predominate over his ancient ones, and usurp what belonged to them, shall he not, in the same manner, deem it right that he may have more than his parents? and if he hath spent his own property, that he may encroach upon theirs? If they will not permit him to do so, will he not cheat or steal from them? And if he is not able to do either, will he not use rapine and violence? His desires loosed from all control, will tyrannise over him: such as he rarely was when asleep, will he now always be when awake, and from no impious murder, or horrid deed of any kind, will he abstain. But that tyrannical lust within him, having unbounded license, shall urge him on rashly to every wickedness, whereby he may support himself, and the vile rout of his companions. If there be but a few of such men in the state, they will serve as guards to the tyrant, or assist him, for hire, in his wars. But if there be no war, and that they remain at home, they commit many and grievous mischiefs. They steal, rob, break open houses, rifle temples, make free-men slaves, and sometimes become accusers and informers, and give false testimony, and corrupt the judges with bribes. All these evils, great as they are, bear no comparison to those which the wretched state endures from the tyrant himself and his tyranny.

Tyrants are rendered wicked and miserable by the company they keep, conversing only with their minions and flatter-

ers, who are ever ready to administer to them obsequiously in every thing. These at first assume the appearance of his friends, but after they have gained their purposes, they become his enemies. Liberty or true friendship, the tyrannical disposition never tastes. We may then surely call the tyrant faithless and unjust; and on the whole conclude that he is the worst and most miserable of men. The longer he exercises tyranny, the more completely wicked and miserable he will become. The tyrant himself will in these respects very much resemble the state which he oppresses. The relations of both to virtue and happiness are similar. And let us not, my friends, be deceived by the specious appearance of such a state, nor be struck with admiration, whilst we regard the tyrant <sup>alone</sup>, or those few who share with him the supreme power. We should go through the state, and view it with our own eyes minutely, in order to form our judgment of it. We should investigate the mind and manners of the tyrant, and penetrate into the very interior of his soul, and not like children, beholding the outside merely, suffer ourselves to be astounded at the sight of tyrannical pomp.—The state is enslaved in the greatest degree: and yet we see in it some who are the masters, (the worst part of the community,) and others called freemen, who obey. But the whole of it, in general, and chiefly the most excellent part, is disgracefully and miserably slavish. In the same manner, the soul of the tyrant is abject and servile; those parts of it which are the noblest, being enslaved, whilst that small part of it which is most wicked and frantic, is the ruler. A soul thus tyrannized over is always goaded violently by some stinging passion: it is indigent, craving, and insatiable, and filled with tumult, perturbation, and remorse. There will not be more lamentations, and groans, and wailings, and torments, in any enslaved city, than in the soul of the tyrant, who madly rages with his desires and his lusts. He is by far the most wretched of all men, as a tyranny is the most wretched of all governments.

Private men who are rich and have many slaves, have some resemblance to the tyrants I have described. Like them they rule over many. But there is this difference between them: the former live securely, because each of them is protected by the whole state. But if some god should take one of them who had fifty slaves, or upwards, out of the state, and establish him, together with his wife and children, and all his property and slaves, in the midst of a desert, where there was no freeman to afford him assistance; in what fear would he not be, lest his slaves should rise upon him, and destroy himself and his family? Would he not be obliged to flatter some of those slaves, and set them at liberty, and promise them many things? He must even do so, or soon perish. And if many other freemen, who had no slaves themselves, and who could not endure that any one should be the absolute master of another, should settle around him, his condition would then be still worse. He would be enclosed and encompassed with enemies. In such a prison-house, is the tyrant of whom we have been speaking bound, disturbed always with anxiety and terror. He alone, of all in his state, is unable to go abroad, or to see such things as other men behold; dwelling in fear within the walls of his palace, and envying his citizens the freedom and pleasures they enjoy. Most true it is then, though many imagine otherwise, that the complete tyrant is a complete slave; and a flatterer of the most wicked men. His desires, which are so ravenous, are never satisfied; but he is always in want of many things, and would appear poor indeed to any one who could penetrate into his mind. He is distracted with perpetual fear, and a prey to solicitude, through the whole of his life. From all these things he must necessarily become envious, faithless, unjust, and unholy, and a sink and fomenter of all kind of wickedness,—and be very miserable himself, and render all those who adhere to him equally wretched.

## SELECT REVIEW.

*A Journey through Albania, and other provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810. By J. C. Hobhouse. 2 vols. 4to.*

[From the Monthly Review.]

WE have in these volumes another example of the effect of the late system of exclusion from France and Italy, in directing the researches of our countrymen to the shores of Greece. Mr. Hobhouse took an extensive survey of the classic territory and travelled in company with lord Byron; whose prolific muse has of late rendered our fair countrywomen so familiar with the manners and scenery of the Levant. These considerations entitle his journal to a notice of some length, notwithstanding the frequency of late publications on the subject, and the promise of a comprehensive performance of a similar description under the superintendance of Mr. Walpole.—The leading objects of Mr. H.'s observations were Albania, Attica, the Troad, and Constantinople, to each of which we shall give attention in its turn; bestowing, however, a larger portion of our space on the first-mentioned articles, the Troad having already been a topic of ample discussion, and the wonders of Constantinople having been lately brought before our readers in our notice of Dr. Clarke's Travels.

Mr. Hobhouse's narrative begins in September 1809, at which time lord Byron and he set sail from Malta, and proceeded to the shores of Greece. Being on board a brig of war, which convoyed a fleet of small merchantmen to Patras, the northwest part of the Peloponnesus was the portion of Grecian territory that first attracted their observation. Cephalonia appeared a chain of high rocks to the north, and Zante a level island to the south; while, in front, their attention was fixed on the high mountains of Albania and the Morea; and the freshness of the green plantations of currant-trees afforded a delightful relief to eyes accustomed to the white waste of Malta. After having passed near Ithaca, and viewed, in their progress northward, the far-famed Leucadian precipice, the voyagers anchored off Prevesa, a southern port in Albania, and commenced their tour on the main-land. An apology is made *in limine* (pp. 5, 6, 7.) for a want of precision in explaining the course of rivers, the direction of the mountains, and the relative position of the ancient and modern cities of Epi-

rus. That country was never accurately described by either the Greek or Roman writers, and its frequent change of masters led unavoidably to a perplexing change of names. Strabo avows his inability to specify the limits of the different Epirote tribes; and Ptolemy takes perhaps an unauthorized liberty, when he includes Acarnania and Amphilochia within the boundary of Epirus. M. D'Anville frankly confessed his want of information on this topic; and Mr. Gibbon declared that we are nearly as much acquainted with the nature of the territory in question as with the wilds of North America. To expect such a thing as a map among the Turks would be idle, as they are accustomed to ridicule all statistical calculations.

Having described Prevesa, and the adjacent ruins of Nicopolis, Mr. H. proceeds to give an account of the town of Arta, situated inland near the gulf of that name. It was a place of consequence until Ali Pacha made Ioannina the seat of government and ruled Arta by a dependent under the title of aga. Mr. H. does not incline to the opinion that Arta is the ancient Ambracia, or that the river on which it stands is the ancient Arachthos.—Holding a northward course from Arta, the travellers reached, on the second day, Ioannina, a city containing not fewer than 40,000 inhabitants, and standing on the western bank of the lake to which M. Pouqueville would give the name of Acherusian.

'The houses are, many of them, large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery connects the under and upper part of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable show of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.'

'The Bazar, or principal street, inhabited by the tradesmen, is well furnished, and has a showy appearance. The Bizestein, or covered Bazar is of considerable size, and would put you in mind, as may be observed of all these places, of Exeter-Change.'

'The Christians of Ioannina, though inhabiting a part of Albania, and governed by Albanian masters, call themselves Greeks, as do the inhabitants of Arta, Prevesa, and even of many villages higher up the country: they neither wear the Albanian dress, nor speak the Albanian language, and they partake also in every par-

ticular of the manners and customs of the Greeks of the Morea, Roumelia, and the other christain parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia.—They appear a distinct race from the inhabitants of the mountains, and perhaps are sprung from ancient settlers, who may have retired, from time to time, before the successive conquerors of Peloponnesus and Greece, into a country where, although enslaved, they were less exposed to perpetual ravages and to a frequent change of masters.—

‘The Greeks of Ioannina are, with the exception of the priests, and of some few who are in the employments of the Pasha, all engaged in trade; and many of the better sort pass three or four years in the merchant-houses of Trieste, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and Vienna, which in addition to the education they receive in the schools of their own city, where they may learn French and Italian, gives them a competent knowledge of the most diffused modern languages, and adds also to the ease and urbanity of their address.—

‘There is a fair which lasts a fortnight, held once a year on the plain, a mile and half to the south-east of the city, and during this time all the tradesmen are obliged to leave their shops in the Bazaar and Bizestein, which are shut, and to set up booths in the plain. This the vizier finds a very good method of getting at some knowledge of the actual property of his subjects. The fair was held during our residence in the city, and opened on the 8th of October, when we passed through it on horseback.’—

‘Cloth of French and German manufacture is sent from Leipzig. This is the chief article of importation, as it is from this fair that all the richer Greeks and Turks, not only in Albania but in great part of Roumelia and in the Morea, supply themselves with the loose robes and pelisses of their winter dress. English cloth is in the highest estimation, but seldom to be met with here, or even at Smyrna and Constantinople, on account of its great price. The best of the cloth sold at Ioannina was not equal to the worst of that manufactured in England, and was of a coarse thin texture, and very badly dyed.

‘The articles of exportation are, oil, wool, corn, and tobacco, for the ports of the Adriatic and Naples; and, for inland circulation through Albania and Roumelia, spun cottons from the plains of Triccalia, stocks of guns and pistols mounted in chased silver, both plain and gilt, and also embroidered velvets, stuffs, and cloths, which are here better wrought than in any other part of Turkey in Europe.

‘Large flocks of sheep and goats, and droves of cattle and horses, are collected from the hills both of the Lower and Upper Albania for the fair. Of these, all but the horses, which are dispersed in the country, are sold into the Ionian islands.

From Ioannina, the course of the travellers was directed northwards to the town of Tepellene; where they found Ali

Pacha engaged in the bustle of military movements, and about to extend his territory by incorporating into it the possessions of a neighbouring prince. During their journey, they had ample opportunity of observing that the Albanians devolve on their women a number of toilsome and degrading offices. The aged matron and the tender maiden are seen fetching water from the distant fountain, and labouring under the weight of their large pitchers, one of which they carry on the head, the other in the hand.—On arriving at head-quarters, the travellers were received with attention by the officers of the pacha, and were formally introduced to him on the next day.

‘ The vizier was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled in a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the custom of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

‘ He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain howitzer, which was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellenè. He then said, “ that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pasha, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master to take the stronger side.” He addressed this with a smile to the secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

‘ We took pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence: I never saw another instance of it in Turkey.—

‘ There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish vizier and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party, especially as these conversations are always in the form of question and answer. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if his host does not put any very foolish interrogatories to him, and Ali did not ask us any questions that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.

'In the evening of the next day we paid the vizier another visit, in an apartment more elegantly furnished than the one with the fountain. Whilst we were with him, a messenger came in from "Berat," the place which Ali's army (of about five thousand men) was then besieging. We were not acquainted with the contents of a letter, which was read aloud, until a long gun, looking like a duck gun, was brought into the room; and then, upon one of us asking the secretary if there were many wild fowl in the neighbourhood, he answered, yes; but that, for the gun, it was going to the siege of Berat, there being a want of ordnance in the vizier's army. It was impossible not to smile at this war in miniature.'—

'He asked us, what had made us travel in Albania? We told him the desire of seeing so great a man as himself. "Ay," returned he, "did you ever hear of me in England?" We, of course, assured him, that he was a very common subject of conversation in our country; and he seemed by no means inaccessible to the flattery.'

This singular character was at that time about sixty years of age; and, though born of a family of some consequence, he owed his acquisition of power altogether to his own exertions. Having made himself master first of one village, then of another, he collected together a considerable body of Albanians, whom he paid, according to the common practice, by plunder. After having acted for many years as one of those independent freebooters, of whom so many are to be found in the Turkish empire, he at last obtained money enough to buy an inferior pachalik, and elevated himself by the progressive operation of force and artifice to his present situation. He subsequently contrived to obtain pachaliks for both his sons; one of whom, named Veli, is pacha of the Morea. Unprincipled as his career has been, he has succeeded in clearing his dominions from those bands of robbers who formerly laid both inhabitants and travellers under an indiscriminate contribution: but the neighbouring territory continues in the most disturbed state. His regular force is generally about eight thousand men: but, as every Albanian is familiar with the use of the gun and the sabre, and firmly attached to his ruler, any attempt, on the part of a foreign enemy, to conquer the country, would be extremely hazardous. Throughout the whole of this territory, the imperial firman is little respected, while the signature of the pacha commands unlimited obedience. His revenue arises from a number of villages, which are considered as his own property, as well as from various towns and districts which are forced to pay him for protection; altogether, it exceeds half a million sterling, a sum of great importance in that country.

When they took leave, the travellers received from the pacha a letter to his officers in the quarter whither they intended to proceed, of which a fac-simile is inserted towards the end of the work; and, as the running hand of a modern Greek is almost unintelligible except to a practised reader, Mr. H. has given (p. 1151.) a copy of the letter in the usual character, each line corresponding with the fac-simile. His readers will, no doubt, be gratified on finding such an approximation to the classic language, in a composition which is not put together with care in the closet, but which expresses the current dictation of those barbarians.

With respect to the national character of the Albanians, Mr. Hobhouse, without lanching into the effusions of Pouqueville, describes them as men of great spirit and activity. Their stature is of the middle size, their chests are full and broad, their eyes lively, and their posture is upright. Their women are tall, hardy, and not ill looking, but bear in their countenance the decisive tokens of penury and hard labour. The men always go armed, having a pistol in their belt, and frequently a curved sabre at their side. The peasants carry a long gun when tending their flocks, and often when tilling their land, so much have the unsettled habits of the country impressed on the whole population the necessity of defence. The Albanian dress, when new and clean, is not inelegant, but the clothes commonly worn are of a coarse and dirty appearance. Their dwellings have generally two apartments, one of which is the place of depositing their maize and grapes. In point of diet, the people are usually temperate, and save their money with a view to the purchase of arms and trinkets.

On leaving Albania, Mr. H. proceeded, under the protection of a guard, through the ancient Acarnania, and passed the Achelous, (now the Aspro,) the largest of the Grecian rivers. After having crossed over to Patras, he and his noble friend returned to the northern side of the gulf, and held their course by Parnassus to Livadia, Chæronæa, Orchomenos, and Thebes; visiting, by the way, the ruins of Delphi and the Castalian spring. The places honoured with these high-sounding names afford, however, in their present condition, very little to animate the enthusiasm of an admirer of the classics. The towns and villages in most parts of Greece are insignificant beyond description; the streams are mere rivulets; and disappointment is experienced in every thing except in the beauty of some parts of the scenery, and the grandeur of others. On the rugged surface of Delphi, it was in vain to look for ground fitted for the site of a town of magnitude: but the difficulty of access

sufficiently pointed it out as a safe place for depositing treasures. Though Delphi was often plundered, yet, when due precautions were taken, we find from history that the invaders, whether Persians or Gauls, were repulsed, and taught to reverence the sanctity of the spot. One only of the master-pieces which adorned Delphi is now in preservation, but it is a relic of the highest importance:

‘The triple-twisted serpentine column of brass, whose three heads supported the tripod dedicated by the Greeks, after the battle of Platæa, to Apollo, is still to be seen, though mutilated, in the spot to which it was conveyed from Delphi by Constantine, to adorn the hippodrome of his new capital. The column, as much of it as is seen above ground, is now about seven feet in height, and of a proportionate thickness. It is hollow, and the cavity has by the Turks been filled up with stones.’

Bœotia is remarkably destitute of ancient remains, and the traveller who makes a progress through it will find little on the spot to assist his conjectures. The following particulars afford a striking example of the frailty of human affairs in the case of the city which, under Epaminondas and Pelopidas, exercised such distinguished influence over the Grecian community:

‘Thebes has been in a manner blotted out of the page of history, since the last battle of Chæronea between Sylla and Taxilus. In the time of Strabo it had the appearance of a village, which was the case with all the other Bœotian cities, except Tanagra and Thespiæ. Onchestus, Haliartus, Coronea, and other towns, once of considerable magnitude, were almost in ruins, and hastening fast to decay. In the second century, the whole of the lower town, except the temples, had fallen to the ground, and the citadel alone, no longer called Cadmœa but Thebes, now continued to be inhabited. It never appears to have recovered its importance under the emperors.—It is now a very poor town, containing about five hundred houses, mostly of wood, and inhabited chiefly by Turks. It has two mosks and four churches. We slept two nights in the town, and were lodged in the house of a Greek bishop. There is nothing worthy of notice in this place; though a public clock, certainly without a rival in this part of Turkey, is considered by the people of the place and pointed out to travellers as a great curiosity.’—

‘The stream of the Ismenus has been much diminished, by the means taken to make part of its waters flow in an artificial channel, for the sake of turning an overshot-mill about a hundred paces below the fountain. We stepped across it with ease, and, had we walked through it, should not have been wet above the ankles.’—

' We had some difficulty in procuring horses at Thebes, as we were not provided with a travelling firman from the porte, and as we had now left the dominions of our patron Ali, and were in the territory of Bekir, pasha of the Negroponte. We at last, however, accomplished this point, and set out late in the day for Athens.

' The road took us across the rivulet in the ravin, and near the tepid fountain, which we left to the right, and proceeded for two hours over a plain to the south-east, well cultivated, but without a single tree. We then crossed the Asopus, a small stream, at a bridge called Metropolita, in the site nearly of Erythræ, whence the troops of Mardonius were encamped, along the banks of the river, as far as Hysiæ, on the confines of the Platæan territory, and near which the Greek forces were also stationed when Masistius was killed by the Athenian horse. We here found ourselves at once in another kind of country; for the soil, which had been before rich and deep, was now rocky and light, and we began to scale low stony hills, going to the south-south-east for thee hours. We passed a small marshy plain, and then ascended a zigzag path on a rock, which is a low ridge of Mount Elatias, or Cithæron. When we got to the top we had the ruins of a small tower on a crag to our left. Descending a little, we came at once upon a green plain, about four miles in length and two in breadth, running from west to east. On entering this plain, we left on our right hand a small village, with a church of some size, and proceeded eastward for an hour, when we arrived at a most miserable and half deserted village, called Scourta.

' Here we passed our Christmas Eve, in the worst hovel of which we had ever been inmates. The cows and pigs occupied the lower part of the chamber, where there were racks and mangers and other appurtenances of the stable, and we were put in possession of the upper quarter. We were almost suffocated with the smoke, a common calamity in Greek cottages, in which the fire is generally made in the middle of the room, and the roof, having no aperture, was covered with large flakes of soot, that sometimes showered down upon us during the night.'

The hardships of travelling, however, are amply compensated on arriving at Athens, where a foreigner discovers an agreeable change in the aspect of all around him. Personal safety is here complete; and the Turk appears to lose his repulsive look, and to assume in some measure the character of humanity and affability. Lord Byron and Mr. H. remained between two and three months in the metropolis of Attica, and had thus an ample opportunity of examining the remains of ancient art which exist in it to an extent that is really surprising after the lapse of two thousand years. Athens stands at the foot of the rock of the citadel, and contains about 1300 houses,

surrounded by a wall, which, as it comprehends gardens and corn-grounds, is nearly three miles in circuit. The houses are small and badly built; while the streets, notwithstanding the Homeric epithet of *εὐρυαγγεῖα*, are all narrow and irregular. Several of them have a raised causeway on both sides, so broad as to contract the middle of the street into a kind of dirty gutter. The trade of Athens consists in exporting the produce of the neighbouring territory, particularly oil, and receiving corn in return, with manufactured goods from Italy, and of late years from England. Several families of Franks are settled here, and have intermarried with the Greeks; and it is among these families that a stranger will find the most agreeable society, the character of the natives falling considerably below the impression excited by a remembrance of the days of Themistocles and Aristides. Though the oppression of the Turkish government is less felt here than in other places, great irregularity and vexatious exaction still prevail:

‘The murmurs of the commonalty have frequently broken out into open complaints; and even a complete revolution, involving the destruction of the Archons, and an establishment of a better order of things, has been meditated by the more daring and ambitious amongst the oppressed. An unfortunate malecontent, who, in fond recollection of better days, has given to his three sons the names of Miltiades, Themistocles, and Alcibiades, talked to me of this glorious project (*το καλὸ πρᾶγμα*). “The Turks,” said he, “will be on our side if we get the better; but alas! the influence of money is all-powerful; and Demosthenes himself, were he alive, and (like me) without a para, would not have a single listener.” He added besides, that their priests, a powerful body, would espouse the cause of their Codja-bashees.’—

‘Some of the Athenians are fond of tracing back their pedigree, which, however, according to their own account, they are unable to do beyond the Turkish conquest. The name Chalcocondyles was, till lately, the one held in the greatest repute; but the person who at present professes himself to be, on his mother’s side, a descendant of the family, has not assumed the appellation. The character of the modern inhabitants of this town does not rank high amongst their countrymen; and the proverb which is to be seen in Gibbon, I heard quoted against them in their own city—“As bad as the Turks of Negroponte, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens.” A French resident, who had lived amongst them many years, talking to me of their propensity to calumniate and supplant each other, concluded with this lively expression, “Believe me, my dear sir, they are the same canaille as they were in the days of Miltiades.”

‘We were not amongst them long enough to discover any very unamiable traits by which they may be distinguished from other Greeks, though I think we saw in them a propensity to detraction and intrigue. Whatever may be their talents this way, they are now chiefly employed in debating whether the French or English, nations inhabiting countries unknown to their ancestors, shall deprive them of the last memorials of their ancient glory. To retain them themselves never, I believe, is an object of their wishes.’—

‘Until within a few years a journey to Athens was reckoned a considerable undertaking, fraught with difficulties and dangers; and at a period when every young man of fortune, in France and England, considered it an indispensable part of his education to survey the monuments of ancient art remaining in Italy, only a few desperate scholars and artists ventured to trust themselves amongst the barbarians, to contemplate the ruins of Greece.’

‘But these terrors, which a person who has been on the spot cannot conceive could ever have been well-founded, seem at last to be dispelled. Attica at present swarms with travellers, and several of our fair country-women have ascended the rocks of the Acropolis. So great, indeed, has been the increase of visitants, that the city, according to a scheme formed by a Greek, who was once in our service, will soon be provided with a tavern, a novelty surely never before witnessed at Athens.’

The author and his companion made it a rule to devote a portion of each day of their residence at Athens to the inspection of the monuments of antiquity. The temple of Theseus, the best preserved of ancient edifices, was within a few minutes’ walk of their residence. Its length is a hundred and ten feet, and its width forty-five, a size too limited to impress the spectator at first: but the transient disappointment never fails to be succeeded by admiration on examining the beautiful proportions of the building. Its roof is supported by thirty-four columns, all of the finest Parian marble, the sculpture on which is in general in good preservation. It stands on a knoll of open ground between two and three hundred yards from the town. The Areopagus is a very uneven elevation, consisting of two rocky eminences, and is within a stone’s throw of the craggy sides of the Acropolis. ‘We must be cautious,’ says Mr. H. ‘of attaching an important signification to the words “hill, valley, or rock,” when applied to Athens or its vicinity; for, although the landscape there presented to us is among the most lovely in the world, it is a landscape in miniature, and by no means correspondent to the notions excited by the exploits of antiquity.’ In truth, we meet throughout these volumes with repeated hints of the diminutiveness of the Grecian territories and cities;—hints which,

on the part of a writer evidently averse to undervalue the ancients, possess a decided claim to the attention of the impartial inquirer. The habit of reckoning distances by stadia has a tendency to conceal from the reader of Grecian history the insignificant extent of many of their districts. A traveller who is unincumbered with baggage may easily make the tour of Bœotia in a couple of days; and he may ride from Livadia to Thebes, and back again, between breakfast and dinner. The Athenian generals were sworn to invade the territories of Megara twice in a year; an exploit which any horseman may perform in the course of a few hours, since the distance, by the longest computation, is only twenty-seven miles.

Mr. H. had an opportunity of visiting the fields of battle both of Marathon and Platæa. In the former, he saw nothing, as far as the nature of the ground is concerned, to contradict the assertion of Herodotus that the Persian force exceeded a hundred thousand men: but when speaking of Platæa, his opinion is different:

' Notwithstanding the circumstantial account and the particular enumeration of the forces of the two nations engaged in the battle given by Herodotus, no traveller who has seen the scene of action, which is to this day recognizable by most undoubted signs, can fail to suspect the Grecian historian of some exaggeration. The whole conflict must have taken place on a triangular space, bounded by the road from Thebes into the pass of Cithæron, five miles, the base of Cithæron three miles, and the road from Platæa to Thebes, six miles. The Greeks were one hundred and ten thousand men; the Persians, with their confederates, three hundred and fifty thousand. But the most severe part of the action, and in which, reckoning both Lacedemonians and Persians, nearly three hundred and fifty thousand troops were engaged, was fought on the ravin, in marshy steep ground amongst the hills, where notwithstanding the account informs us that the cavalry of Mardonius were the most active, it seems difficult to believe that a single squadron of horse could have manœuvred.'

' From Gargaphia to the Molois is but little more than a mile, and, according to the historian, the whole of this immense body fought in less than that space; for Mardonius advanced into the hills to encounter Pausanias. I should suppose that such an extent of ground would not contain such numbers, although ranged in the deepest order of which the ancient tactics allowed; and the Persians did not advance in any order at all, but confusedly. The fifty thousand allies of Mardonius and the Athenians might have fought in the plain between the Asopus and the foot of the hill, which, however, according to modern tactics, would not admit of even that number of troops to engage.'

Chæronæa appears to have been situated on a hill near the north-east base of Parnassus; and the fatal plain lies to the north, extending in length from east to west. ‘No spot in the world,’ says Mr. H., ‘can be better calculated for deciding a national quarrel, since there does not appear to be even a mole-hill to impede the manœuvres of hostile armies.’ The remains of the town are very insignificant. A similar remark applies to the vestiges of Megara; where, however a population of three thousand inhabitants still exists; but their dwellings are built of mud with low flat roofs. Eleusis is now a miserable village of thirty mud cottages, but finely situated on the declivity of a long hill, with sufficient remains to make it probable that a great part of the hill was originally occupied by buildings. As to the Piræus, nothing in its present appearance would lead a person to imagine that it had ever been a harbour of consequence. It has lost the aspect of a triple port, the recess on the right being like a marsh, while that on the left is of little depth. The deepest water is at the mouth of the third interior port; yet one of our sloops of war was warned that she would run aground if she endeavoured to get in, and was accordingly obliged to anchor in the straits between Salamis and the part once called Phoron.

Corfu has been rendered by the French a place of great strength; and the distance from Italy or Albania is so short as in a manner to put a blockade out of the question. As a siege of the town by land would require a large force, Bonaparte could scarcely have fixed on a station of more importance for the views which, in his days of sanguine calculation, he entertained against the Turkish empire.—Patras stands in a beautiful country on the declivity of a mountain, but is frequently visited with agues and contagious fevers.—The table of a Greek of rank living in this quarter is thus described:

‘The meat was stewed to rags. They cut up a hare into pieces to roast. I do not recollect that any of the flesh dishes were boiled. The pastry was not good, being sweetened with honey, and not well baked; but the thick ewes’ milk, mixed with rice and preserves, and garnished with almonds, was very palatable. The boutaraga, caviar, and macaroni powdered with scraped cheese, were good dishes. But the vegetables and fruits, some of which the luxuriant soil furnishes without culture, were indeed delicious, and in great variety. There were cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, artichokes, lettuces, and cellery, in abundance; but the want of potatoes was supplied by a root tasting like sea-cale. The fruits, which were served up at the conclusion of the dinner, and before the cloth was removed, were oranges, olives, pears, quinces, pomegranates, citrons, medlars, and nuts, and lastly, the finest melons we ever tasted.’

Having appropriated his first volume to Greece, Mr. Hobhouse proceeds, in his second, to Asia Minor; and, having described Smyrna and the ruins of Ephesus, he devotes a considerable space to the Troad. Though he does not venture to rank himself under the banners of Mr. Bryant, or to incur the odium attached to incredulity with respect to Homeric descriptions, it is obvious that he entered on the examination without much hope of finding the scenery of the Iliad recalled by the evidence of ocular observation; and he confined his anticipations to the discovery of a resemblance between the present scenery and the descriptions of Strabo, a calculation too moderate to be exposed to disappointment. Those, however, who are still desirous of weighing the assertions of Le Chevalier and the arguments of Bryant, will find in the minuteness of the topical descriptions of Mr. H.'s book a considerable stock of materials for the examination. He has inserted (p. 688) a map of the eastern half of the Hellespont, and has exhibited with sufficient clearness the course of the Scamander, the scite of Alexandria Troas, the tumuli adjacent to the Scamander, the mountains of Ida, and the different streams in which travellers have respectively endeavoured to trace the ancient Simois.—The theory of Dr. Clarke shares no better fate than that of his predecessors, Mr. H. considering it as very unlikely that the Callifatti, a small and almost stagnant rivulet, should be the representative of the Simois. Dr. C.'s favourite *θεωρίας πεδίοιο* fares equally ill (p. 756.) in the hands of this inquirer.—Leaving these mysterious topics, we proceed to extract Mr. H.'s observations on the personal appearance of the modern Greeks:

' It cannot appear at all surprising, that in their habits of life the modern Greeks should very much resemble the picture that has been transmitted to us of the ancient illustrious inhabitants of their country. Living on the fruits of the same soil, and under the same climate apparently not changed since the earliest ages, it would be strange if their physical constitutions, and in some measure their tempers, were not very similar to those of the great people whom we call their ancestors; and, in fact, I take their bodily appearance, their dress, their diet, and, as I said before, their tempers, to differ but little from those of the ancient Greeks.

' There is a national likeness observable in all the Greeks, though, on the whole, the islanders are darker, and of a stronger make than those on the main-land. Their faces are just such as served for models to the ancient sculptors, and their young men in particular, are of that perfect beauty, which we should perhaps consider too soft and effeminate in those of that age in our more northern climate. Their eyes are large and dark, from which cir-

cumstance Mavromati, or black-eyes, is a very common surname; their eyebrows are arched; their complexions are rather brown, but quite clear; and their cheeks and lips are tinged with a bright vermillion. The oval of their faces is regular, and all their features in perfect proportion, except that their ears are rather larger than ordinary: their hair is dark and long, but sometimes quite bushy, and, as they shave off all of it which grows on the fore-part of the crown and the side of the face, not at all becoming: some of the better sort cut off all their hair, except a few locks twisted into a knot on the top of the head. On their upper lips they wear a thin long mustachio, which they are at some pains to keep quite black. Beards are worn only by the clergy and the Archontes Presbute-roi, or Codja-bashees, and other men of authority. Their necks are long, but broad and firmly set, their chests wide and expanded, their shoulders strong, but round the waist they are rather slender. Their legs are perhaps larger than those of people accustomed to tighter garments, but are strong and well made. Their stature is above the midling size, and their make muscular but not brawny, round and well filled out, but not inclined to corpulency.

‘Both the face and the form of the women are very inferior to those of the men. Though they have the same kind of features, their eyes are too languid, and their complexions too pale, and, even from the age of twelve, they have a flaccidity and looseness of person which is far from agreeable. They are generally below the height which we are accustomed to think becoming in a female, and when a little advanced in life, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, are commonly rather fat and unwieldly.’

‘The dress of the Greeks is not at the first sight to be much distinguished from that of the Turks, nor is there any difference in the habit of those in power, except that, instead of the turban, the head is covered with an immense calpac. A cotton shirt, made like a woman’s chemise, cotton drawers, a vest and jacket of silk or stuff, a pair of large loose brogues, or trowsers, drawn up a little above the ankle, and a short sock, make the inner part of the dress: the part of the garment next added is a long broad shawl, often highly worked, and very expensive, wrapped in wide folds round the loins. In one corner of this girdle the poorer people, especially in travelling, both Turks and Greeks, conceal their money, and then wind the shawl round them. A common fellow in Turkey might, as properly as the soldier in Horace, talk of the loss of his zone as of that of his money; but the better sort of people have adopted the use of purses, which, together with their handkerchiefs, watches, and snuff-boxes, they carry in the bosom, between the folds of their vests.’—

‘In the inland towns, and even at Athens, the Greeks seldom admit a male stranger to a sight of the females of their families, who live in a separate part of the house, and in some cases are as closely confined as the Turkish women. Before marriage, they are rarely, sometimes never, seen by any male excepting those

of their own family, but afterwards enjoy the privilege of being introduced to people of their own nation, and to travellers. A young lady, the sister of Seignor Nicolo, at Ioannina, to whom we had made a present of some Venetian silks, sent word to us, that she regretted that not being married, she could not kiss our hands in person, but begged that it might be done by proxy by our dragoman, who brought the message. We did not obtain a sight of her during our stay in the house.—

‘A few friends, and perhaps a Frank stranger, are sometimes invited to the first public ceremony in which the young girl is concerned, that is, her betrothing to her future husband, who generally has never seen her; and we ourselves were once asked to a supper where there was music and dancing on an occasion of this kind. The girl (called *μητροπόλις*,) was sitting in the middle of the sofa, covered with paint and patches, having a sort of crown on her head, and stuck round with jewels and gold chains on every part of her dress. We were regularly led up and presented to her, as were the other guests, and she kissed our hands. Her own female relations, and those of her future husband, were sitting on the rest of the sofa. The mother of the young man, who was not present himself, put a ring on the finger of the maiden, and, as her son’s proxy, kissed her cheek, a ceremony by which the betrothing takes place. The marriage, we were told, would not take place perhaps for more than a year, as the youth was engaged in trade at some distance, until he could amass a fortune competent to maintain his wife.’

‘There are very few instances of second marriages amongst the Greeks, nor of any men, except a priest, remaining single for life.

‘The women can seldom read or write, but are all of them able to embroider very tastefully, and can generally play on the Greek lute, or rebeck. Their dancing they learn without a master, from their companions. The dance called *Xopos*, and for distinction, *Romaica*, consists generally in slow movements, the young women holding by each other’s handkerchiefs, and the leader setting the step and time, in the same manner as in the Albanian dance.’

Mr. H. has devoted a chapter to the interesting question of the state of literature among the modern Greeks. He has inserted (p. 560) a list of one hundred persons who flourished between the years 1570 and 1720, and who, though unknown in this country, have been deemed worthy by Demetrius Procopius of being commemorated as learned men. They were chiefly theologians educated in Italy, and were accounted prodigies by their countrymen from being able to read the ancient Greek. The more intimate connection, which of late years has taken place between the polished part of Europe and the Levant, has had a visible effect in lessening the gene-

ral ignorance of the Greeks; and Leghorn, Venice, Vienna, Paris, all contain young Greeks who have repaired thither in search of that education which their own country cannot afford. The study of medicine is their principal object: but some individuals among them aim at a more general acquaintance with literature; and they are particularly successful in the acquisition of languages. When, however, we consider the slavery or rather the non-existence of their press, it would be too sanguine to anticipate any diffusion of general improvement in education throughout Greece. Hitherto, they have gone no farther than to compose Hellenic grammars in the Romaic or current language, and to translate some popular works from the European tongues. Mr. Hobhouse found a translation of Telemachus and of Rollin's Ancient History: but of the translations of Locke on the Understanding, and of Montesquieu on the Roman Empire, he heard only by report. At Constantinople, are two academies for teaching ancient Greek; at Athens, two schools; and, in the neighbourhood of Mytilene, is a sort of university for Greek and other languages. The knowledge thus acquired must, however, be of little use, as long as the country is devoid of good books, and while the objects of education are confined to the perusal of the church-service, to the transaction of petty traffic, or to the qualifying of a young man for employment in the service of the pashas. In 1808, the French at Corfu established, with great formality, an institution styling itself the Ionian academy, under the sanction of Napoleon, "Benefactor and Protector;" but the very limited territory in Greece which was subject to him co-operated with other causes to render the attempt fruitless. Mr. Hobhouse treats of the language of the modern Greeks at considerable length, and has exhibited various specimens from printed works. We subjoin a few remarks on the different existing dialects:

'The Greek of Smyrna is much infected by the Franks. That of Salonica is more pure. The Athenian language is not, in my opinion, so corrupted, nor has admitted so many Latin and Italian words, as that of the Morea; but it has not preserved so much of the ancient elegance as the dialect of Ioannina, which the inhabitants of that city boast to be superior to any, except that of Constantinople.'—

'The substantives most commonly in use have undergone the most complete change; such as represent *bread*, *water*, *clothes*, would surprise the ear of a Hellenist, and yet neither *ψωμιν*, *νερον*, nor *πονηρα* are of a very late date. But the names of plants are nearly all Hellenic, and a botanical treatise would scarcely want a glos-

sary of Romaic terms. The old names of places are, as might be expected, not altogether lost in the modern appellations of the Greeks, although the Turks have, in many instances, given names of their own.

'With respect to the written tongue, it must be observed, that the composition at this day current is of three kinds: the first, is the language of the mass, and some other parts of the rituals, which are grammatically Hellenic: the ancient Greek has also been lately used by Corai, and one or two others, but is not adopted in any common books. The next may be called the Ecclesiastical Greek; which is the kind employed by the majority of the church writers in their pastoral letters, and which, besides other characteristics, does not have recourse to the modern vulgarity of always recurring to the auxiliary verbs. This is the style of many of those cited by Procopius, and even of earlier authors, of Meletius, in his geography, and several other later works, and does not seem to be formed by any certain rule, but by an attempt of the writers to come as near as possible to the Hellenic. The Romaic is the third species of composition; but, even in this vulgar idiom, there is necessarily some distinction made by the nature of the various subjects, and the talents of the respective authors. The philosophical treatises of Corai and Psallida are as good, in point of style, as the dedication of Cimon Portius' grammar to Cardinal Richelieu, and although, perhaps, their subjects contribute much to their apparent superiority, are not so entirely vulgar as the downright common dialect.'

Mr. Hobhouse has inserted above twenty engravings, which have the effect of conveying a clearer idea of the objects in question than any written description. They delineate chiefly ancient monuments, the dress of the inhabitants of the present day, and the more striking parts of local scenery; and the admirer of the abode of Socrates and Plato has the satisfaction to find, on opening the first volume, a view of Athens; which, though somewhat flattering, seems, on the whole, to present a faithful picture of that celebrated city.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

ON DAVID'S PICTURES OF BUONAPARTE.

[From the Examiner.]

1. GENIUS, like the sun, irradiates every thing in visible nature, however inferior. If touched with the ease and energy that is ever seen in untrammelled nature, much interest will be felt by the educated and tasteful mind, even in the representation of individuals of obscurest destiny. How lively then will be the impression, where cultivated science and genius place before our view a cotemporary, whom fortuitous circumstances, and whose superior genius, have lifted up to the gaze, the hatred, the envy, the hopes and fears, the admiration and love, of an entire world. Such a cotemporary is *Napoleon*, as painted by the pre-eminent French portrait and historical painter, DAVID, on two canvasses. One displays him in his *Passage over Mont St. Bernard*, and in that strong action of mind and of body which so peculiarly characterize him among existing potentates, advancing on a rich blooded charger, whose high-tossed head, proud display of elegant limb, and flashing and intelligent eye, appear as if he was half conscious of his bearing the agitator and founder of empires. Napoleon is seated on him gracefully, both as to form and attitude, the head bent a little downward in thoughtful guise, and mingling, with the management of his horse, the destiny-fixing thoughts of men and kingdoms. He is turning on you a look of firm purpose and deep cogitation, as calmly meditative and resolved as if not surrounded by an elemental war on Alpine heights, or not about to meet the more awful war below them. The activity and attachment of his soldiers are displayed by their briskly upward and cheerful march among the rocks in the back ground, some of them looking towards him with confidence and enthusiasm,—others with patient labour dragging up cannon, all with a devoted or martial and active air. The pye-bald horse and his rider glittering with equestrian and martial trappings, relieve with great force and sprightliness from the snow-tinted atmosphere and ground. The hair, especially the tail, looks rather like metallic strips, or what is rather coarsely but significantly called, “rat’s tails.” The picture is, in fine, one altogether of energy. The marking, the colouring, the proportions, the out-door light, and what is of more importance, the character, all emanate from a hand rigidly executing the high wrought and correct feelings of an extraordinary mind operating on an extraordinary object.

2. The bustle of objects in the equestrian picture, improves by contrast the quiescence of the contiguous canvass, representing *Napoleon in his Cabinet*, just risen from his pen—Painted at an after time, when Napoleon became fat, it exhibits a less elegantly proportioned form of face and figure, but retains a similarly removed character of intellect from that so below par in the many worn-out families of European royalty, where the breeds are in sad want of crossing. The point of time is marked to be four in the morning, after the emperor has been intensely devoted to his pen. The act of rising from this long application; and its cramping effect on the limbs, are denoted by a small degree of feebleness in the limbs, rendered additionally so in their appearance by the muscles being rounded by fat. He is in a military dress. This and the papers; furniture, &c. are correctly and beautifully painted, and without that degree of hardness which is so unnatural and so unpleasant in most of the French works we have seen. Still perhaps many of the secondary objects in both pictures are too prominent as to outline and light; and ought to be rounded off into partial obscurity

3. *Pius VIII.* and *Cardinal Caprera*, is a picture nearly, if not altogether, without this undue hardness. It has a relief strikingly as well as naturally and delicately powerful, for it is without that artificial forcing out by glaring light and large violent shadows, which so much predominates in the pictures of OPIE, and in some of REYNOLDS. They are from a large subject representing the *Coronation of Napoleon and Maria Louisa*, at the moment when the Pope is giving her his blessing. This is described with much suitable fervour, the Pope lifting up his hand, his face full of piety, while his frame is inclined a little forward with the sudden emotion of the act. The *Cardinal* stands by with an earnest look of curiosity and satisfaction. Dignity, the impulse of the time and circumstance, unpretending attitudes, bold effect, and above all, a rivalry of the actual life, pervade this attention-fixing canvass.

The three pictures are proofs of talents of the first order—deep thinking, careful, yet powerful execution, and that close looking into and description of nature, which, when even united with defects, will, like an intelligent face with indifferent features, always command attention; and where the defects, as in the present instances, are comparatively trifling, will induce admiration and delight.

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SATAN'S MODE OF SWINDLING.

THE following narrative is most marvellous, and lest his readers should doubt its truth, the author prays them to "sus-

pend their judgment, quhill they spere [until they inquire at] the maist affectionat Protestantis of Scotland quha hes bene in Geneve. Surelie I ressavit the treuth of this be honorable gentilmen of our countrie, quha confessit to me before gud vitnes, that the devil gangis familiarie up and down the town, and speciallie cumis to pure and indigent men quha sellis thair saullis to him for *ten sous*, sum for mair or less. The monie is verie plesent quhen they ressave it; bot putting hand to thair purse, quhen they vald by thair denner, thay find nathing bot uther staine or stick." Hamilton's Catholik and facile traictise, fol. 50, b. Paris, 1581.

#### DANGER OF LEARNING GREEK AND HEBREW.

Villers, in his essay on the reformation by Luther has the following curious passage.—The faculty of theology at Paris declared before the assembled parliament, that *religion was undone, if the study of Greek and Hebrew were permitted*. But the language of the monks of those days is still more amusing. Thus we are informed by Conrad of Heresbach, a very grave and respectable author of that period, that one of their number is said to have expressed himself, "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek; you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the mother of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, which they call the *New Testament*. It is a book full of daggers and poisons. As to the Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all those who learn it immediately become Jews."

#### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SUCCOUR IN DISTRESS.

"An accident," says archbishop Spottiswood, "befel Mr. Craig, which I should scarcely relate, so incredible it seemeth, if to many of good place he himself had not often repeated it, as a singular testimony of God's care of him." In the course of his journey through Italy, while he avoided the public roads, and took a circuitous route to escape from pursuit, the money which he had received from the grateful soldier failed him. Having laid himself down by the side of a wood to ruminate on his condition, he perceived a dog approaching him with a purse in his teeth. It occurred to him that it had been sent by some evil disposed person, who was concealed in the wood, and wished to pick a quarrel with him. He therefore endeavoured to drive it away, but the animal continuing to fawn upon him, he at last took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which enabled him to prosecute his journey.

## POETRY.

FROM THE SIEGE OF CORINTH, BY LORD BYRON.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown  
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray?  
 The waves on either shore lay there  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmured meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
 The banners droop'd along their staves,  
 And as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
 And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host,  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
 It rose, that chant'd mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
 It seemed to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall:  
 It struck e'en the besieger's ear  
 With something ominous and drear,  
 An undefined and sudden thrill,  
 Which makes the heart a moment still,

Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;  
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er:  
The watch was set, the night-round made,  
All mandates issued and obeyed:—

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,  
And bathed his brow with airy balm:  
Behind, the camp—before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly gone,  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;  
It will not melt, like man, to time:  
Tyrant and slave are swept away,  
Less formed to wear before the ray;  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
While tower and tree are torn and rent,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,  
And lingered on the spot, where long  
Her prophet spirit spake in song.  
Oh, still her step at moments falters  
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,  
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,  
By pointing to each glorious token.  
But vain her voice, till better days  
Dawn in those yet remembered rays  
Which shone upon the Persian flying,  
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

Not mindless of these mighty times  
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;

And through this night, as on he wandered,  
 And o'er the past and present pondered,  
 And thought upon the glorious dead  
 Who there in better cause had bled,  
 He felt how faint and feebly dim  
 The fame that could accrue to him,  
 Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,  
 A traitor in a turbaned horde;  
 And led them to the lawless siege,  
 Whose best success were sacrilege.  
 Not so had those his fancy numbered,  
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;  
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,  
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
 They fell devoted, but undying:  
 The very gale their names seemed sighing:  
 The waters murmured of their name;  
 The woods were peopled with their fame;  
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;  
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,  
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;  
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river  
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.  
 Despite of every yoke she bears,  
 That land is glory's still, and theirs!  
 'Tis still a watch word to the earth.  
 When man would do a deed of worth,  
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:  
 He looks to her, and rushes on  
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

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*From Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, [ascribed to Walter Scott.]*

The following poems are translations from a manuscript collection of French songs, which was found on the field of Waterloo after the battle.

#### THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,  
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
 Beneath his lady's window came,  
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow:

“ My arm it is my country’s right,  
 My heart is in my true love’s bower;  
 Gaily for love and fame to fight  
 Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he marched with helm on head

And harp in hand, the descent rang,

As faithful to his favourite maid,

The minstrel-burthen still he sung:

“ My arm it is my country’s right,

My heart is in my lady’s bower;

Resolved for love and fame to fight,

I come, a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle-roar was deep,

With dauntless heart he hewed his way,

Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,

And still was heard his warrior-lay:

“ My life it is my country’s right,

My heart is in my lady’s bower;

For love to die, for fame to fight,

Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas! upon the bloody field

He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive,

But still, reclining on his shield,

Expiring sung the exulting stave:

“ My life it is my country’s right,

My heart is in my lady’s bower;

For love and fame to fall in fight

Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

#### CUPID’S CHOICE.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,

By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,

But could not settle whether Reason

Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,

’Twas bad example for a deity—

He takes me Reason for his wife,

And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,

He loved them both in equal measure;

Fidelity was born of Reason,

And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

## DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

An inquiry into the principles and policy of the government of the United States. Comprising nine sections, under the following heads:—1. Aristocracy. 2. The principles of the policy of the United States, and of the English policy. 3. The evil moral principles of the government of the United States. 4. Funding. 5. Banking. 6. The good moral principles of the government of the United States. 7. Authority. 8. The mode of infusing aristocracy into the policy of the United States. 9. The legal policy of the United States. By John Taylor, of Caroline county, Virginia. Fredericksburg: Green and Cady. 1814. pp. 656.

Mr. Taylor is a very decided, unsparing and formidable enemy of the banking and funding systems. His doctrines on these subjects are in open defiance of Adam Smith, Alexander Hamilton, Lord Lauderdale, Ganilh, Dr. Bollman and the whole host of our orthodox political economists. According to him there is rising up in this country an aristocracy of paper and patronage that threatens to be more fatal to its freedom and happiness than any other species of aristocracy could prove. The evils of this system he considers inherent, uniform and inevitable: an absolute monarch, he says, guided by the good moral qualities of man may produce national happiness, and so any other anomalous case, under other forms of government may serve to perplex the science of polities; but under the vicious system of paper and patronage, founded in the evil moral qualities of avarice and ambition, a nation has no chance of happiness, "because an evil moral principle can not produce good moral effects. That a system, founded like this, upon evil moral principles, is incapable of amelioration from the personal virtues of magistrates, is proved by its steady unfluctuating course of effects in England, where its rigorous consistency, and growing severity, is neither interrupted nor softened in the smallest degree by the virtues of individuals. Martial law and stock law, are naturally and necessarily tyrants, but a man may be a tyrant or a patriot. If a political system, founded in evil moral principles, proceeds consistently and certainly in the dispensation of evil to nations, without sustaining impediments from the virtues even of its administrators; is it not conceivable, that one founded in good moral principles, is discoverable, capable of dispensing good, independently also of the vices of its administrators? One as free from evil qualities, as that of paper and patronage is from good, would probably effect so desirable an object." p. 36.

"It is the same thing to a nation whether it is subjected to the will of a minority, by superstition, conquest, or patronage and paper. Whether this end is generated by error, by force, or by fraud, the interest of the nation is invariably sacrificed to the interest of the minority.

"If the oppressions of the aristocracies of the first and second ages, arose from the power obtained by minorities, how has it happened, that a nation which has rejoiced in their downfall, should be joyfully gliding back into the same policy? How happens it, that whilst religious frauds are no longer rendered sacred, by calling them oracles, political fraud should be sanctified, by calling it national credit? Experience, it is agreed, has exploded the promises of oracles; does it not testify also to those of paper stock?

"Paper stock always promises to defend a nation, and always flees from danger. America and France saved themselves by physical power, after danger had driven paper credit out of the field? In America, so soon as the danger disappeared, paper credit loudly boasted of its capacity to defend nations, and though a disaster, artfully repealed the rewards due to the conqueror. In France, it transferred to fraud an avarice the domains which ought to have aided in defending the nation, or to have been restored to the former owners. p. 37.

"Sinecure, armies, navies, offices, war, anticipation and taxes, make up an outline of that vast political combination, concentrated under the denomination of paper and patronage. These, and its other means, completely enable it to take from the nation as much power and as much wealth, as its conscience or its no conscience will allow it to receive; and lest the capacity of public loaning

to transfer private property should be overlooked, it has proceeded in England to the indirect sale of private real property. If a land tax is sold for a term amounting to the value of the land, a proprietor is to buy his own land at its value, or admit of a co-proprietor, to whom he must pay the value by instalments; and thus a paper system can sell all the lands of a nation. If national danger should occur after this sale, it can only be met by the people; and the purchaser from a paper system, of an exemption from the land tax to-day, must be again taxed or fight for his land to-morrow. The case of this individual is precisely that of every nation, made use of directly or indirectly to enrich a paper system; it is perpetually at auction, and never receives any thing for itself; because, however ingeniously a paper system can manage artificial danger for its own emolument, it is neither able nor willing to meet real danger; and however rich it is made by a nation, the nation must still defend itself, or perish. p. 38.

"The effect of opposite interests, one enriched by and governing the other, correctly follows its cause. One interest is a tyrant, the other its slave. In Britain, one of these interests owes to the other above ten hundred millions of pounds sterling, which would require twelve millions of slaves to discharge, at eighty pounds sterling each. If the debtor interest amounts to ten millions of souls, and would be worth forty pounds sterling round, sold for slaves, it pays twelve and a half per centum on its capitation value to the creditor interest, for the exclusive items of debt and bank stock. This profit for their masters, made by those who are called freemen, greatly exceeds what is generally made by those who are called slaves. But as nothing is calculated except two items, by including the payments for useless offices, extensive salaries, and fat sinecures, it is evident that one interest makes out of the other, a far greater profit than if it had sold this other, and placed the money in the most productive state of usance.

"Such is the freemen of paper and patronage. Had Diogenes lived until this day, he would have unfledged a cock once more, and exhibited him as an emblem, not of Plato's man, but of a freeborn Englishman. Had Sancho known of a paper stock system, he would not have wished for the government of an island inhabited by negroes. Has Providence used his system to avenge the Africans, upon the Europeans and Americans?

"Whatever destroys an unity of interest between a government and a nation, infallibly produces oppression and hatred. Human conception is unable to invent a scheme, more capable of afflicting mankind with these evils, than that of paper and patronage. It divides a nation into two groups, creditors and debtors; the first supplying its want of physical strength; by alliances with fleets and armies, and practising the most unblushing corruption. A consciousness of inflicting or suffering injuries, fills each with malignity towards the other. This malignity first begets a multitude of penalties, punishments and executions, and then vengeance.

"A legislature, in a nation where the system of paper and patronage prevails, will be governed by that interest, and legislate in its favour. It is impossible to do this, without legislating to the injury of the other interest, that is, the great mass of the nation. Such a legislature will create unnecessary offices, that themselves or their relations may be endowed with them. They will lavish the revenue, to enrich themselves. They will borrow for the nation, that they may lend. They will offer lenders great profits, that they may share in them. As grievances gradually excite national discontent, they will fix the yoke more securely, by making it gradually heavier. And they will finally avow and maintain their corruption, by establishing an irresistible standing army, not to defend the nation, but to defend a system for plundering the nation.

"A nation exposed to a paroxysm of conquering rage, has infinitely the advantage of one, subjected to the aristocratical system. One is local and temporary; the other is spread by law and perpetual. One is an open robber, who warns you to defend yourself; the other a sly thief, who empties your pockets

under a pretence of paying your debts. One is a pestilence, which will end of itself; the other a climate deadly to liberty.

"After an invasion, suspended rights may be resumed, ruined cities rebuilt, and past cruelties forgotten; but in the oppressions of the aristocracy of paper and patronage, there can be no respite; so long as there is any thing to get, it cannot be glutted with wealth; so long as there is any thing to fear, it cannot be glutted with power; other tyrants die; this is immortal p. 41.

"The only two modes extant of enslaving nations, are those of armies and the system of paper and patronage. The European nations are subjected by both, so that their chains are doubly riveted. The Americans devoted their effectual precautions to the obsolete modes of title and hierarchy, erected several barriers against the army mode, and utterly disregarded the mode of paper and patronage. The army mode was thought so formidable, that military men are excluded from legislatures, and limited to charters or commissions at will; and the paper so harmless, that it is allowed to break the principle of keeping legislative, executive and judicative powers separate and distinct, to infuse itself into all these departments, to unite them in one conspiracy, and to obtain charters or commissions for unrestricted terms, entrenched behind public faith, and out of the reach, it is said, of national will; which it may assail, wound and destroy with impunity. p. 42.

"A paper system proposes, to fulfil its promise of defending a nation, by giving it credit; from which credit, it infers an increase of national strength. Let us ascertain what national strength is, before we hastily conclude, that it can be created by a stock system. It consists of people and revenue. If by any means a nation was deprived of half its people would this add to its strength? If by a paper system, it is deprived of half its revenue, can this either add to its strength? Revenue, like people, is subject to numerical limits. Suppose the people of Britain are able to pay a revenue of forty millions sterling, but that thirty are appropriated to the use of paper and patronage: are not three fourths of their strength gone, so far as it consists of revenue? But Great Britain with her ten millions of free revenue can borrow two hundred millions. If strength is to be measured by the power of borrowing, she could have borrowed four times as much, had her whole revenue been free, and consequently would have been four times as strong" p. 44.

These extracts may give the reader a general view of the grounds on which Mr. Taylor supports his bold opinions. The great political importance of the subjects he discusses, and his very able and ingenious manner of treating them, entitle his work to the profound consideration of all those who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with public affairs. We will only observe at present that in many parts of the work, as well as in the section from which the above passages are selected, he has mingled and confounded institutions which, however allied, have no necessary connexion with each other, and which should be investigated separately in order to ascertain the nature and properties of each. The funding system, for example, may subsist, and it has in fact been established and raised to a great extent in countries which had neither paper currency nor any banks like ours. In France the amount of the funded debt, previous to the revolution, was enormous, although she had no paper money, and but few banks; which were mostly private ones, dealing only in specie or in bills that were its *real* representatives. The public debt of Spain, without banks or paper currency arose to more than eighty millions sterling, or upwards of three hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars; and the Dutch national debt became still larger, although the banks of Holland were merely banks for the safe keeping and payment of specie, issuing no notes and giving no credits but for coin actually deposited in their coffers.—The banking system, though it undoubtedly facilitates loans to government, may in like manner subsist where the funding system is not adopted. The opponent of banking should moreover distinguish between the various kinds of banks, and point out the manner and the degree in which he conceives their respective operations to be pernicious; for it is manifestly unreasonable to class the bank that merely takes charge of and returns on demand

the coin belonging to others, with the bank that lends out its own specie for interest; or to degrade the banks which give their notes or credits for more coin although not for more real property, than they possess, to the level of those associations which issue their notes without possessing wherewith or ever intending to redeem them. Yet this writer, without making such discriminations, denounces the whole banking system in mass, along with the system of national funding and governmental patronage which it occasions, as being the combined foes of the public welfare. He arraigns and tries the three supposed conspirators, paper currency, patronage and funding *all together* and endeavours to fix upon each all the alledged misdemeanors of both the other culprits. This mode of proceeding displays the talent of a zealous and artful accuser and gives full scope for the exercise of popular declamation; but it is unsuitable for a philosophical inquirer whose duty it is rather to discriminate between things apparently similar or congenial, than to confound those between which marked distinctions exist.—In the course of the work, however, Mr. Taylor gives, as the title page announces, separate investigations of funding and banking. Many of his observations on the former are strong, and most of them are very specious. But here too, as in the inquiry on banking, his conclusions are unphilosophically generalized. He decides against the expediency of the funding system without having any regard to the condition of a state, whether it be advancing, stationary or retrograde; whether it be deficient or abounding in surplus capital; whether the rate of interest in it be high or low; whether its credit and position be such as to enable it to borrow from foreigners on advantageous terms, whether in fine its agriculture, manufactures or commerce be or be not susceptible of extensive improvements. But whatever may be Mr. Taylor's errors as a political economist, his style is clear, forcible, and animated. His work should be answered by some able advocate of the monied interest. It is quite foolish to talk, as some do, of despising such attacks: less powerful ones have sometimes shaken interests as firmly established as those of the stockholders of the United States; and that too in countries where the debtor part of the community (the large majority of course) were not invested by law with the supreme power of the state.

Daniel Rapine, of Washington City, D. C. has published, in the form of a pamphlet, an Essay on Naturalization and Allegiance. It is attributed to John Francis Dumoulin, esq. a gentleman of the bar of that city. The author maintains strenuously, and we think satisfactorily, the right of expatriation. The disquisition displays great zeal in the cause of freedom, and considerable legal and historical learning.

Fielding Lucas, of Baltimore, has published No. 1 of "Sketches of American Orators. By Anonymous." Whoever this author may be, he is possessed of respectable talents. We have perused his sketches with great pleasure. They would be rendered much more interesting, if there were annexed to the oratorical character of each speaker, for the purpose of illustrating it, some well-chosen extract from his most eloquent speech.

The same bookseller has also published "Letters from Virginia. Translated from the French."—Notwithstanding the authority of the title page, it is more than probable that these letters are the original productions of an American writer. They relate principally to the religion, morals, manners, and literature of the people of the state of Virginia; and are written in an unaffected, familiar, and pleasing style.

Mr. John Conrad has published a book entitled "Some information concerning Gas Lights. By Thomas Cooper, esq." With six plates of the various machinery hitherto employed in producing the gas, whether on a large scale for cities, or in a small way for manufactories, theatres, or private houses.—So little has been done in this country on the subject here treated of, that the work must necessarily consist of European information; and it appears in fact to contain every thing requisite to enable the reader to understand the subject thoroughly, and to judge of the utility of substituting carburetted hydrogen for oil or tallow, for the purpose of producing light.

Judge Cooper has given remarks on the various kinds of apparatus heretofore employed, and a plate exhibiting an improved apparatus of his own, which seems to combine the good properties, and avoid the defects of those which had been in use before. However convenient pitch or rosin may be, as a substance employed to furnish the gas, he is of opinion, that for the lighting of cities we must resort to bituminous coal. The evidence before the committee of the British house of commons, reprinted in this work, contains much collateral useful information, particularly on the use of the coke, or charcoal of coal.

On the whole, we venture to recommend this book as a plain, perspicuous, and satisfactory treatise on a very curious and important subject of inquiry.

J. E. Hall, esq. editor of the Law Journal, has prepared for the press a new "Treatise on the Law of Evidence. By S. Phillips, esq. of the Middle Temple. The first American, from the second London edition." With copious references to American cases. To which will be added an appendix, containing an essay on the theory of presumptive proof. This work is expected to appear in the course of a few weeks.

The Raciad. A poem so called, describing the amusements of horse racing, has been lately published in a Charleston, S. C. newspaper. From the extracts we have seen from this work, it appears to possess great poetical spirit, and to merit publication in a more permanent form.

T. and J. Swords, of New York, announce their intention of publishing a new periodical journal, to be entitled "The Christian Register, and Literary and Theological Magazine and Review." It is to comprise matter selected chiefly from the best and most recent European publications, together with original essays—moral and literary—reviews, notices of useful works, relations of remarkable facts, biography, necrology, and other interesting articles. It is to be published in quarterly numbers, of about 250 pages each, similar to those of the Quarterly Review. The price to subscribers will be one dollar and a quarter per number, or two dollars and a half for two numbers, payable on delivery.

Judge Cooper, we understand, means to give a course of chemical lectures in Carlisle during the summer, and a course of chemistry and mineralogy in Philadelphia from October to April next.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, republished from the Edinburgh edition by M. Thomas.

Under this very singular and quaint title, we are presented with the reflections and observations made by a writer of good abilities, and apparently well-informed, in the course of a tour from the Netherlands to Paris, soon after the last capture of that city by the allies, on the military affairs, the polities, the morals and manners of the French nation. He describes at length, and in a very lively, interesting manner, the particulars of the battle of Waterloo. Great credit is given to marshal Grouchy, as well for his successful attack on the Prussians, under the command of Tauenzein, upon the Dyle, as for his masterly retreat with his division to Paris, after the defeat and destruction of Bonaparte's army.

"The bridge at Wavre," says this author, "particularly, was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed with the unanimous shout of *Vive l' Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was himself slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village. That of Bielge at the same time fell into their hands, and Grouchy anxiously expected from his emperor orders to improve his success. But no such orders arrived; the sound of the cannon in that direction slackened, and at length died away; and it was next morning before Grouchy heard the portentous news that awaited him, announcing the fate of Napoleon and his army." p. 176. And afterwards, "The only division of the French army which re-

mained entire after the rout of Waterloo, was that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, by a retreat that did these generals the highest honour, was not only conducted unbroken under the walls of Paris, but gained some accession of strength from the wrecks of the main army." p. 343.

Alluding to some late attempts in France to restore the superstitious observances of the dark and degraded ages, he makes the following judicious remarks: " We must learn to look with better hope upon the more conscientious efforts for re-establishing the altar, which have been made by the king. Yet we cannot but fear, that the order of the necessary reformation has been, to a certain extent at least, the reverse of what would really have attained the important purposes designed by the sovereign. The rites, forms, and ceremonies of a church, all its external observances, derive, from the public sense of religion itself, the respect which is paid to them. It is true, that as the shell of a nut will subsist long after the kernel is decayed, so regard for ceremonies and forms may often remain when true devotion is no more, and when ignorant zeal has transferred her blind attachment from the essence of religion to its mere forms. But if that zeal is quenched, and that attachment is eradicated, and the whole system is destroyed both in show and in substance, it is not by again enforcing the formal observances which men have learned to condemn and make jest of, that the vivifying principle of religion will be rekindled. Indeed, far from supposing that the foundation of the altar should be laid upon the ritual of the Romish church, with all the revived superstitions of the twelfth century, it would be more prudent to abandon to oblivion, a part at least of what is shocking to common sense and reason; which, although a most christian king might have found himself under some difficulty of abrogating, when it was yet in formal observance, he certainly cannot be called upon to renew, when it has fallen into desuetude. The catholics of this age are not excluded from the lights which it has afforded; and the attempt to re-establish processions, in which the officiating persons hardly know their places, tales of miraculous images, masses for the souls of state criminals, and all the mummary of barbarous ages, is far from meeting the enlarged ideas which the best and most learned of them have expressed " p. 397.

These letters are announced in the British journals as the production of Walter Scott. The writer of them, though a zealous and loyal Briton of the tory sect, does not utter those infamous calumnies, nor indulge in the unmanly exultation, with which so many of the late English tourists to France have disgraced themselves and their works.

### MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has published, in four octavo volumes, Ridgely's Body of Divinity, price eleven dollars, enlarged; with valuable notes, original and selected, by the reverend Dr. James P. Wilson, of Philadelphia.

Also, the royal octavo Bible, with all Scott's marginal references and introductions to the books and chapters—about 1200 pages; price from five to nine dollars, in one or two volumes.

And an edition of the pocket Bible just out of press.

He has also in press, vol. 1st. soon to be printed, reverend Dr. John Gill's Commentary on the Old Testament. Also, Scott's Family Bible, in three quarto volumes, to be published without marginal references—on a new plan—the notes to follow immediately after the text in order. Price, in boards, \$18 75 cents, bound, \$21.

Armstrong and Burr, of Boston, propose publishing Pratt's Life of Cecil, in one neat volume, at about one dollar bound.

Also, Buchanan's Jubilee Sermons, in one volume, at fifty cents.

A. Finley, Philadelphia, will publish on the 10th of May, inst. " A dissertation on Terms of Communion, with a particular view to the case of the Baptists and Pedobaptists. By Robert Hall, M. A." author of a sermon " on Modern Infidelity," " The Work of the Holy Spirit," &c. &c.